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SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE AND SPAIN.

M. GUIZOT ON THE SUPERNATURAL.

M. GUIZOT, in his recent work on the *Essence of the Christian Religion*, has the following masterly remarks on the supernatural, and on the antagonism of science to it:—

“Against this system—that of Christianity—so grand, and in such profound harmony with human nature, an objection is raised which is deemed decisive,—it proclaims the supernatural; the supernatural is its principle and its basis. Now, says science, there is no supernatural at all.

“The objection is not novel, but at the present day it is more serious in appearance, more strong than it has ever been before. It is in the name of science, of all human sciences—science physical, historical, and philosophical—that we pretend to reduce the supernatural to nothing, and to banish it from the world and from man. I honour science infinitely, and I would have it as free as honoured; but I would wish it to be a little more diffident of itself,—a little less exclusively preoccupied by its especial labours and its momentary successes: more careful not to forget or to put aside any of the ideas and of the facts which attach themselves to the questions which it discusses, and which it ought to take into account in drawing its conclusions. That which resembles the wind of the day is a rude attempt to abolish the supernatural, for the belief in the supernatural is a fact natural, primitive, universal, permanent in the life and history of the human race. We may interrogate the human race in all times, in all places, in all the conditions of society, in all the stages of civilization, and we shall find always and everywhere a spontaneous faith in facts and causes beyond the sensible world—that living mechanism which we call Nature. We have prided ourselves in extending, explaining, and magnifying nature; but the instinct of man, the instinct of the masses of humanity, is not restricted within such bounds: it has always sought for and seen

something beyond it. It is this instinctive faith, this faith of mankind which has for ever remained indestructible, which is now treated as a radical error: it is this fact, general and permanent in human history, that it is now attempted to abolish.

"They go still further, they assert that it is already abolished; that the people do not believe any longer in the supernatural, and that we should strive in vain to restore it. Incredible fatuity! Because in one corner of the world, in one day of the ages, we have made a brilliant progress in the natural and historic sciences; because in the name of the sciences we have combated the supernatural in brilliant books, they proclaim it conquered and annihilated! and it is not merely in the name of the *savants*, it is in the name of the people that they pronounce this judgment. You have then completely forgotten, or you have never comprehended humanity and its history. You ignore absolutely that it consists of the people—of all the peoples who cover the face of the earth. You have never penetrated into those millions of souls where faith in the supernatural is and remains present and active, even as the words which pass their own lips disavow it! You do not then know what an immense distance exists between the changeable gusts which agitate the spirit of man, and the immutable instincts which preside over its life. It is true that there are in our day, amongst the people, plenty of fathers, mothers, and children, who think themselves incredulous, and who proudly ridicule miracles. Follow them into the intimacy of their abodes, into the trials of their lives, and what do these parents when their child is ill—these cultivators when their harvests are menaced—these mariners when their fleets are attacked by tempests on the ocean? they lift their eyes to heaven; they pray; they invoke that supernatural power which you desire to be abolished in their souls. By their acts, spontaneous and irresistible, they give to your words and to their own a splendid denial.

"The supernatural is condemned solely in virtue of its name. Nothing, it is said, is or can be beyond or above nature. Something is one and complete: all is included in it; it contains everything which is there bound fast, and is thence developed of necessity. That is complete Pantheism, or in other words, Atheism: Let us give at once to Pantheism its true name. Amongst the men who so loudly declare themselves the adversaries of the supernatural, the greater part, to a certainty, do not think themselves and do not wish to be Atheists; but I apprize them that they are leading others where they do not think themselves going, and where they do not wish to go. The denial of the supernatural, in the name of the unity and the universality of nature is Pantheism, and Pantheism is Atheism.

“They invoke the fixity of the laws of nature, that they say is the palpable and incontestible fact which the experience of the human race has established, and on which rests the conduct of human life. In the presence of the permanent order of nature and her laws, we cannot admit partial and momentary infractions, we cannot believe in the supernatural in miracle.

“It is true that laws general and permanent govern nature. Does that mean that these laws are not only necessary, but that no deviation from them is possible? There is no person who does not recognize between what is general and what is necessary an essential and absolute difference. The permanence of the actual laws of nature is a fact established by experience, but not the only ones possible or conceivable by reason. There might be other laws than these; these themselves might change. There are many of them which have not always been what they now are, for science itself has established the fact that the condition of nature has not always been what it is now. The universal and settled order which we now witness, and on which we rely, has not always been what we now see it. It had a commencement. The creation of the actual order of nature and of its laws is a fact as certain as the order itself. And what is creation but a supernatural fact? an act of a Power superior to the actual laws of nature, and who is as able to modify as he was to establish them? The first miracle is God.

“But there is a second, and that is man. I recall what I have already said. As a moral and free being, man lies beyond and above the general and permanent laws of nature. He creates by his will facts which are not the necessary consequence of pre-existent law; and these facts take place in an order absolutely distinct and independent of the visible order which rules the universe. The moral liberty of man is a fact as certain and as natural as the order of nature, and it is at the same time a supernatural fact—that is to say, essentially a stranger to the order of nature and its laws.

“God is the moral and free Being *par excellence*—that is to say, the Being excellently capable of acting as First Cause, beyond the causes which are linked together in nature. In so far as man is a being moral and pure, he is in intimate *rappor*t with God. Who shall define possible events, and fathom the mysteries of this *rappor*t? Who shall say that God cannot modify, or does not modify the laws which he has instituted in the material order of nature, according to his designs in the moral order regarding man? But men hesitate to deny absolutely supernatural facts; they have taken a side way in their attacks upon them. If they are not impossible, it has been said, they are incredible, for no human and special testimony in favour of a

miracle is able to give a certainty equal to that which results from the experience which we have of men and the fixity of the laws of Nature, against all miracles. 'It is experience alone,' says Hume in his *Essay on Miracles*, (vol. iii., p. 115-119, *Basle*, 1792,) "which gives authority to human testimony, and it is the same experience which attests to us the laws of nature. When these two kinds of experience are in contradiction we have no alternative but to reject one or the other, and to assume our opinion in one or the other sense, according to the assurance that the remainder after the subtraction gives us. In virtue of the principle which I have laid down, this operation applied to all popular religions results in their complete annulment. We are then able to establish as an axiom that no amount of human testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle, and lay a legitimate foundation for any system of religion.'

"It is in this circle of reasoning, originated by Hume, that the opponents of miracles ensconce themselves as in an impregnable fortress, and resist all belief. What a confusion in their facts and their ideas! What a superficial solution of one of the grandest problems of our nature! Why, this would be a simple operation of arithmetic, based on two experimental observations set forth in figures, which should decide the question, whether the universal faith of the human race is well founded, or is absurd; and whether God acts upon the world and upon man only by laws instituted once for all, or whether he continues yet, in the exercise of his powers, to make use of his liberty! The sceptic Hume not only thus misconceives the greatness of the problem, but he deceives himself as to the motives on which he establishes this narrow idea. It is not from experience only that human testimony draws its authority; this authority has sources more profound, and a value anterior to experience. It is one of the natural bonds, one of the spontaneous sympathies which unite together men and the generations of men. Is it by virtue of experience that the child confides in the words of its mother, and believes all that she tells it? The mutual confidence of men in what they say or transmit one to the other is an instinct primitive and spontaneous, which experience confirms on evidence, corrects or limits, but which it does not in any degree originate.

"I find also in the same essay of Hume this phrase:—'As the surprise, mingled with admiration which miracles excite, is an agreeable emotion, thence is produced a sensible tendency to believe in events which excite this emotion.' Thus, if we are to believe Hume, it is solely for his own pleasure, and for the amusement of his imagination, that a man believes in the supernatural; and under this real but secondary impression, which skims the surface of the human soul, that the philosopher over-

looks the profound instincts and the superior necessities which dominate it.

“ But why this indirect and incomplete attack? Why does he limit himself to the assertion that miracles cannot be historically proved, instead of distinctly affirming that there can be no miracles? It is because the enemies of the supernatural believe this at the bottom of their hearts: because they hold beforehand that miracles are impossible, that they apply themselves to destroy the evidences which attest them. If the evidences which surround the cradle of the Christian religion,—what do I say?—if the fourth or the sixth part of these evidences bore upon extraordinary facts—facts unexpected and unheard of, but without a supernatural character—they would accept this attestation as most valuable and the facts as certain. Apparently, it is only the testimonial proof of the supernatural which they contest; in reality, it is the very possibility of the supernatural which they deny. It is necessary to speak out and to state the question as it is, instead of endeavouring to resolve it by eluding it.

“ Of late writers more bold and consequent have not hesitated to lay it down frankly thus: ‘ The new dogma,’ they have said, ‘ the fundamental principle of criticism, is the denial of the supernatural. Those who still refuse to admit this principle have nothing to do with our books; and we, on our part, will not disturb ourselves about their opposition and their censures, for we do not write for them. And if we do not enter into this discussion, it is because it is impossible to enter into it without accepting an unacceptable proposition, namely, that the supernatural may after all be possible.’ — *Conservation, Revolution, Positivisme, par M. Littré; M. Havet*: also in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes, August, 1863*.

“ I do not reproach the incredulous of the school of Hume with being timid. It is not with intention and by artifice that they have attacked the supernatural by a flank movement; not as impossible in itself, but as impossible to be proved by human testimony. I do them more justice and more honour. A wise and honest instinct has retained them on the declivity where they were placed; they have a presentiment that to deny the possibility of the supernatural, would be to advance full sail into Pantheism and Fatalism, that is to say, to abolish God and the liberty of man. Their moral sense and their good sense have interdicted this step. The fundamental error of the adversaries of the supernatural is that of combating it in the name of human science, and in arranging it amongst the facts of their domain. The supernatural does not belong to that domain, and it is by wishing to introduce it there that they have been led to deny it.”

VICTOR HUGO ON SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

In his recent work on *Shakespeare*, Victor Hugo takes occasion to say, "Table-turning, or speaking has been greatly ridiculed; the ridicule is groundless. To substitute jeering for examination is convenient, but it is not very philosophical. As for me, I regard it as the duty of science to fathom all phenomena: science is ignorant, and has not the right to laugh; a *savant* who laughs at the possible is not far from an idiot. That which is unexpected ought always to be expected by science. It is its function to arrest it in its passage and to examine it, rejecting the chimerical and establishing the real. Science has no other concern with facts than to indorse them; it is for her to verify and distinguish. All human knowledge is that of analysis; that the false complicates itself with the true, is no reason for rejecting the whole in a mass. Since when has chaff been a pretext for refusing the wheat? Root out the worthless weeds of error, but harvest the facts and leave them for others. Science is the sheaf of facts.

"The mission of science is to study and probe everything. All of us, be we who we may, are the creditors of examination, and its debtors also; it is indebted to us, and we to it. To elude a phenomenon; to refuse to pay it the attention due to it; to bow it out; to close the door on it; to turn our backs on it laughing, is to make bankruptcy of the truth; it is to omit to put to it the signature of science. The phenomenon of the ancient tripod and of the modern table, has a right, like every other, to observation. Physical science undoubtedly would gain by it; and, let me add, that to abandon these phenomena to credulity, is to commit treason against human reason."

DECEASE OF M. MATTER.

France has lost another distinguished Spiritualist in M. Matter. In this country he was best known by his life of Saint-Martin, or the *Philosophe Inconnu*. Though an entire believer in spiritual intercourse, he was of the mystic school, as his life of Saint-Martin shews. He was the author of various other works: 1. *Etude Historique de l'Ecole d'Alexandrie*, in which he cleared up various dark points in the history of the Neo-Platonists. 2. *Histoire de Gnosticisme*, more lucid and less diffuse than the work of Beausobre on Manicheism. 3. *Idees Morales*. 4. *Philosophie de la Revolution*. 5. *Saint-Martin*. 6. *Emanuel Swedenborg, sa vie, ses ecrites, sa doctrine*. In this work he cites many passages from Swedenborg's writings to prove that the communications of that great medium were often obsessed by the world-spirit, and consequently not so purely and infallibly correct in their account of things in the invisible regions, as he supposed. At the time of his

death he was engaged on a history of the Mystics from Descartes to the present time, from which much was expected, the subject not only being full of most curious and interesting matter, but most congenial to his taste. He died at Strasburg whilst on a temporary visit there.

THE DOCTORS IN ALARM.

The *Revue Spiritualiste*, Nos. 4 and 6 of the present year, presents us with cases in which the medical men of their respective neighbourhoods have brought individuals before the magistrates for curing people without proper diploma or authority. The first case was that of Alexander Dubois, a poor vinedresser of Olivet. He was summoned before the tribunal at Orleans. He was charged on the authority of the Public Minister of Justice with having illegally exercised the practice of medicine, and perpetrated sundry impositions in persuading people that he possessed the means of supernatural cure. He replied that he had not endeavoured to persuade any one of any such thing; that he merely offered up prayers and repeated a portion of the sacred office. He was next accused of having led some one to hope that he could save him from being drawn in the conscription. He replied that he had done nothing of the sort, further than praying that he might escape. Next he was accused of possessing books of magic, the *Great and Little Albert*, and others. To this he replied that a woman named Garnier had given him some such books, but that he did not use them, he only used prayers, and occasionally a simple embrocation of herbs, or a little wine. In answer to inquiry how he lived, he replied by his vineyard and little plot of ground; he denied the possession of any marvellous secrets, but attributed all his influence to prayers and to touch. On the mention of curing by touch, the magistrate exclaimed that then it was not all by prayers after all; that anybody could pray. Poor Dubois replied that he made no signs, but merely prayed and laid on his hands. He admitted that he cured animals by the same means, which still more scandalized the magistrates, that he prayed for animals; but Debois persisted that he did so and denied giving them any other remedies.

After this fourteen witnesses came forward, who testified to his cures in their own cases, or to having received great relief from his prayers and laying on of hands. Some declared that they had been perfectly cured by him after years of suffering, and after the doctors had utterly failed; others had been relieved, and all that they had received good from him, and that he had never demanded any payment from them, but they had voluntarily made him presents out of gratitude. The tribunal, however, glad of the opportunity afforded it by his having used other

remedies than prayers and touch, fined him fifteen francs for the illegal exercise of medicine; and for swindling, spite of the evidence of the patients, fifty francs, with the costs, or two months' imprisonment. At the moment that he was led away by the gendarmes the poor people whom he had benefited surrounded him, shaking his hand and weeping.

In the second instance of these prosecutions, that given in the sixth number of the *Revue Spiritualiste*, the complainant was a M. Juppet, a surgeon, of Vésinet. He was a singularly vindictive and persevering fellow. Though he had once practised himself without a license or diploma, he had endeavoured to obtain a dwelling-house in Paris for the express purpose of prosecuting M. Vinet, a man of independent property, who cured people of various ailments, but especially of sprains and swellings, by a few mesmeric passes over the injured part. Juppet described himself as of No. 9, Boulevard Saint-Denis; but Vinet's advocate shewed that he had no residence there, and Juppet confessed that he had not succeeded in obtaining a residence in that house, and had, therefore, gone to live at Chatou, but had come from time to time to Paris to practise. The magistrates objected that he lived at Vésinet, and yet objected to a person practising at Paris; but Juppet replied that had Vinet practised at Bordeaux, he would have prosecuted him all the same, because he had no right to practise. The magistrates observed that Vinet practised in the district of Seine-et-Oise, in which Juppet did not reside; but Juppet replied that they both practised within the Department of the Seine, and that was enough for him. The magistrates observed that at such a distance the competition of M. Vinet could not hurt him; but Juppet evidently felt hurt that any man should cure people for nothing, though it were at the North Pole.

Various persons were summoned who had received Vinet's care. One of these was the Vicomte d'Arcourt, late Receiver-General, who testified to the cure of a severe sprain of his leg, which his medical man could not relieve, when, hearing of M. Vinet, he went to him, and he instantly cured him by a sort of shampooing. Another patient was M. Masse, manufacturer of india-rubber, who gave evidence not only of his own cure, but of that of M. Tardif, a merchant, of sprains, which totally incapacitated them from moving, except with crutches. In both cases the regular practitioners failed to give any relief. M. Masse said Vinet passed his thumb several times over the sprained foot, and then bade him get up and walk home without his crutches, which he did. M. Tardif also appeared, and confirmed M. Masse's report of his cure. He sprained his foot in descending from an omnibus. Tired of the useless applications of his own doctor, he had been carried to M. Vinet's, who sent him back home on foot.

The magistrates were perfectly satisfied with these respectable witnesses, who all asserted that M. Vinet would on no account accept a single sous for recompense, and they called on Juppet to say why the case should not be dismissed, especially as he had no abode in Paris. Juppet asserted that he had a lodging somewhere in Paris, where the *concierge* received his letters; and that the law was positive; no one must practise without a proper license. He said there were a dozen of these fellows practising in this manner, and doing him much harm; and that if the magistrates did not support his charge, he should call on his brother practitioners to assist him in putting them down. He then called up a witness against a M. Roze, a wine merchant, of the village of Levallois. The witness declared that he did not know why he was there, but being asked if M. Roze had not recommended a poultice of herbs for a severe bruise, he replied, yes, and that it had cured it, and that he charged nothing. The magistrates dismissed both cases with costs to Juppet, and left him to call on his brother doctors at his leisure. The editor of the *Revue Spiritualiste* remarks, that it is to be hoped that this may be an example to the magistrates of France to allow persons to cure for nothing, rather than to compel them to resort to men who kill under the authority of a diploma. If prayers and laying on of hands are to be indictable offences, our Saviour, at his second advent, must, he remarks, beware of the doctors.

JOHN FRANCIS BLUE-STOCKINGS.

Charles Nodier, a French man of letters, noted for his record of eccentric characters, gives the following account, in his work recently published, of a very remarkable person:—"In 1793 there was at Besançon a young man, already distinguished by his knowledge, called Jean-François T——, surnamed *Les Bas-Bleus*—Blue-Stockings, because he never wore any other, and who had lost his senses through a hopeless love." One of the most remarkable peculiarities of his insanity, related by Charles Nodier, was that this only became apparent in conversations of no importance, but vanished when the conversation assumed a tone of exactness in a scientific or moral question of interest. Then the rays of that intelligence so scattered, so divergent, gathered themselves into a focus like those of the sun in a lens, and gave such *éclat* to his discourse that no one could believe that François *les Bas-Bleus* had been more learned, more clear, or persuasive when in the full enjoyment of his reason.

One day—it was the 16th of October, 1793—Jean-François was found standing in an attitude of contemplation in the middle of a square of Besançon. He had his arms crossed, an air of

sadness, and his eyes fixed immovably on a point above the western horizon. A number of persons had collected round him, and sought in vain to discover the object which seemed to absorb his attention. Charles Nodier, who was returning from school with a number of his school-fellows, accosted him on the subject: “Well, Jean-François, what do you observe this morning in the subtle matter in which moves all the worlds?”

“Do not you know it as well as I?” he replied, extending his arm and describing with his finger a semi-circular line extending from the horizon to the zenith. ‘Follow with your eyes those traces of blood, and you will see Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France, who ascends to heaven.’ On this the curious spectators dispersed, shrugging their shoulders, for the answer satisfied them of the man’s lunacy, and,” adds Charles Nodier, “I too went on wondering that Jean François had stumbled correctly on the name of the last of our queens—that positive fact which alone had not perished in the long catalogue of real things which had dropped from his memory. My father that day had a few friends to dinner, for one of whom the company had long waited. ‘Excuse me,’ he said on entering, ‘but a rumour has spread through the means of some private letters, that the Queen Marie Antoinette, has been brought to judgment, and I waited the arrival of the courier of the 13th of October. The *Gazette* has not a word on the subject.’

“‘Marie Antoinette, Queen of France,’ said I with assurance, ‘has expired this morning on the scaffold, a few minutes before noon, as I was returning home from school.’

“‘Ah! mon Dieu!’ exclaimed my father, ‘who could tell you that?’

“I was troubled; I blushed; I had said too much to remain silent. I replied, trembling, ‘It was Jean-François les Bas-Bleus.’ I could not venture to lift my eyes towards my father; his extreme indulgence could not prevent me feeling deeply the folly of my speech.

“‘Jean-François les Bas-Bleus!’ he said smiling, ‘happily we may be perfectly tranquil regarding any news which comes from that quarter. That cruel and useless crime has not been committed.’

“‘Who, then,’ asked my father’s friend, ‘is this Jean-François les Bas-Bleus, who announces events at the distance of a hundred leagues at the moment when they are supposed to happen? A somnambule, a convulsionaire, a disciple of Mesmer or Cagliostro?’

“‘Nothing of the kind,’ replied my father, ‘but one more worthy of interest: a visionary of good faith, an inoffensive maniac, a poor fool, whose case is truly deserving of commiseration.’

tion. Of an honourable but poor family of artizans, he was a youth of good promise. The first year of my office of magistrate here was the last one of his studies. He fatigued my arms with crowning him, and the variety of his successes added to their value, for one would have said that it would give him little trouble to open all the gates of human intelligence. The hall of the college shook with the thunder of applause when he received the prize, without which all the rest would have been of little value, that of good conduct and of the virtues of an exemplary youth. There was not a father who would not have been proud to count him amongst his sons; scarcely a rich man, as it seemed, who would not have felicitated himself on such a son-in-law. I say nothing of the young ladies, who could not be insensible to his handsome person, and to his happy age of from eighteen to twenty years. This was his grand misfortune, not that his modesty permitted him to be deceived by the seductions of a triumph, but through the great impression which it had produced.'

"You have heard speak of the beautiful Madame de Saint X—. She was then in Franch-Comté, where her family has left many memories, and where her sisters are settled. She was seeking a tutor for her son, who was about twelve years old, and was proud to have the opportunity of securing Jean-François for him. Thus was opened for this young student an honourable career of four or five years as a commencement for one of higher reach. Unfortunately for him, the lady had also a young daughter of an extremely charming person and character. Jean-François could not see her daily without loving her, and feeling the impossibility of elevating himself to her rank, he appears to have endeavoured to suppress his growing affection, and which only betrayed itself in the first moments of his malady, by his delivering himself up to studies dangerous to reason, to dreams of occult science, and to visions of an exalted Spiritualism. He became completely insane, and being sent away from Corbeil, the abode of his protectors, with all the care which his condition demanded, no light has broken into the darkness of his spirit since the return to his family. You see, therefore, that there is little reason to credit his reports, and that we have no cause whatever to alarm ourselves.'

"Notwithstanding, it was confirmed on the morrow that the queen had been brought to trial, and two days after that she was no more. My father feared the impression which the extraordinary coincidence of this prophecy and of the event might have upon me. He spared no pains to convince me that chance was prolific of such circumstances, and he quoted to me twenty like cases as only furnishing an argument to ignorant credulity, and assured

me that philosophy and religion equally abstained from making use of them. A few weeks afterwards I left for Strasburg, there to commence fresh studies. The epoch was little favorable to the production of Spiritualists, and I soon forgot Jean-François in the midst of the emotions which the excited state of the times every day produced. These things bring me back to the spring of the year at Besançon.

"One morning, I think it was the the 3rd of Messidor, I entered the chamber of my father to salute him according to my custom before commencing my daily ramble in search of plants and butterflies. 'Let us lament no longer over the loss of poor Jean-François's reason,' said my father shewing me the newspaper, 'it is better to be insane than to learn the tragic fate of his benefactress, of his young pupil, and of the young lady, who was the first cause of his derangement. These innocent people have all fallen under the hand of the executioner.'"

"'Alas!' said I, 'I have said nothing to you of Jean-François, because I know that you feared, on my account, the influence of certain mysterious ideas which he had communicated to me; but he is dead!'

"'He is dead!' replied my father, energetically, 'and when?' 'Three days ago; the 29th of Prairial, he had stood immovable since the morning in the middle of the same square, on the very spot where I saw him at the moment of the death of the queen. Numbers of people surrounded him as usual, although he preserved the most profound silence, for his abstraction was too great to permit him to notice any question put to him. At four o'clock his attention became redoubled, and some minutes afterwards he lifted his arms towards the heavens with a strange expression of enthusiasm or of pain, took some steps forward, pronouncing the names of the persons which you have just recited to me—gave a cry and fell. People rushed towards him, and hastened to raise him, but it was useless—he was dead.'

"'At a few minutes after four o'clock on the 29th Prairial,' said my father, consulting the journal, 'it is the very day and hour; listen!' continued he, after a moment of reflection, and with his eyes fixed steadfastly on mine, 'do not refuse me that which I now ask of you. If ever you record these circumstances when you are a man, do not give them as facts, for that would expose you to ridicule.'

"'Are there any reasons which can absolve a man from stating openly that which he knows to be the truth? I replied respectfully, 'There is one,' rejoined my father shaking his head, 'of more weight than all others—the truth is useless.'"—*Extracted from the Works of Charles Nodier.*

EXCELLENT REPLY OF A FRENCH JUDGE TO THE BISHOP OF BARCELONA.

M. Jaubert, Vice-President of the Civil Tribunal of Carcassonne, in a letter to the editor of *La Verité*, makes the following admirable remarks on some slanders of the Bishop of Barcelona on Spiritualism:—"I have lately read the charge of the new Bishop of Barcelona on Spiritualism, which contains amongst others, the following passage:—'It is thus that we come to create a religion which, renewing the wild errors and aberrations of paganism, threatens to conduct society, greedy of marvels, to madness, extravagance, and a filthy obscenity.'

"If I had the honour of speaking with the Bishop of Barcelona, I would say to him, 'Monseigneur, permit me to cast a glance backwards, perhaps it may carry us a step forward. Born in America, Spiritualism has launched itself into space; it has passed the sea on a ray of light; France has received its cradle. I have had the honour to assist at some of its first rockings. I have seen it lisp by aid of that instrument known under the name of the *table parlante*: it has spelt through the planchette; to-day it writes with a pen which is at your service and mine. It writes sufficiently well, though it has not been spared chastisement; the child has been mocked, buffeted, covered with mud, crowned with thorns; the hatred shown it has produced a monstrous alliance, such an one as history has not recorded the like. The Materialists and the servants of God are leagued together; the first to disdain or to deny it, the second to affirm it, but only to spit in its face and to endeavour to strangle it. And the child has, nevertheless, suffered no injury. It plants one foot on each world; it embraces in its little arms France and her colonies, Belgium, England, Germany, Russia, Italy, and even Spain. It has its organs multiplied in Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, Antwerp, Turin. The domestic hearth serves as a sure and impenetrable asylum to myriads of its friends.

"In your turn, Monseigneur, enter the lists against it: teach all the world that Spiritualism is only a *resumé* of filthy obscenity. Ah! without doubt, the evil is immense. Descend with us, Monseigneur, into the reformatories and the prisons. The picture of our miseries is vast; 4,990 accused before our courts of assize; 176,456 prisoners judged by our correctional tribunals; 3,767 suicides, and every year the same gulf is opened to receive its fresh prey. Spain undoubtedly, in this point of view, has no reason to envy us. Behold the filthy obscenity! but believe me, Monseigneur, the Spiritualists are not there!

"Do you wish to learn the cause of all these evils? I will tell you. I do not draw my proofs from anger nor from vain decla-

mation, I find them in the general account of the administration of our criminal justice. Misery, reverse of fortune, loss of employ, losses at play, sorrow caused by the ingratitude and misconduct of children, adulteries, jealousy, debauch, drunkenness, idleness, disgust of life, immoderate desire of riches, political exaltations, love of power, ambition, religious terrors. Do you comprehend, Monseigneur? This leprosy which dooms us Spiritualism destroys; it does what you have not been able to do. You know very well that Spiritualism is not a religion,—it leaves all religions just where they were. The great mission of the dead is to prove that they are not dead; that they live and influence our actions. The spirit is certain of its future life; it expects from the Eternal that justice due to all his works; it combats his enemies not by crushing them but by raising and loving them. It does not sacrifice to the kingdom of this world. Anxious to discharge all its duties, it gives to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's. It conspires not in the dark, but in full daylight, and for the happiness of mankind.

“ Reassure yourself, Monseigneur of Barcelona; reassure your friends in France! In your turn become a Spiritualist! Affirm to your people that man never dies, that his immortality is proved, not by books, but by material and tangible facts, of which every one can convince himself; that anon, and our houses of correction and our prisons will disappear; suicide will be erased from our mortuary tables, and nobly borne, the calamities of earth shall no longer produce madness. But if you prefer it, Monseigneur, persist in your insults, strive not to teach as to forget then, the treasures of love and charity.”

We particularly recommend these remarks to the so-called religious bodies, who, through their journals and from their pulpits, are pointing out Spiritualism as the sorcery and the work of the devil, announced as to come in the latter ages, by our Saviour and the Evangelists. That the devil shall come with all sorts of lying wonders, and speaking lies in hypocrisy, we are quite satisfied; but let those who charge these devilish fruits on Spiritualism, take heed lest they be found amongst those who charged these things on Christ himself. By their fruits must all be known, whether they call themselves Spiritualists or members and ministers of churches, whether they write in the *Churchman* or the *Rainbow*. And certainly, making false charges without examination, or still worse, after examination, is not likely to place men, whatever their pretensions or professions, amongst those who seek after the truth that they may love it; and who keep in mind the divine command, “ Judge not, lest ye be judged.”

W. H.

“WITCHCRAFT IN IRELAND.

“ [FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

“ Dublin, Sept. 13.

“ I learn from the *Clonmel Chronicle* that Tipperary is in a state of excitement—not, as of old, from agrarian outrage, or the harmless amusement of shooting landlords, their bailiffs and agents, but—would you believe it in this nineteenth century?—from a case of witchcraft. It is, nevertheless, positively true that several apparently sane people at Carrick-on-Suir, among whom is a policeman, have been bereft of their senses by an old woman who professes to be skilled in the ancient science of demonology. Before I relate the extraordinary facts which came out on investigation before the magistrates, allow me to remind you that witchcraft is an old institution in Ireland. The Irish borrowed the science from the Scandinavians. The *Icelandic Saga* gives a singular account of the “Danish hag” called Heida, living in Pagan times, who was famous for her skill in magic, divination, and witchcraft—a right royal witch she was, for she went attended in state by thirty men-servants, and was waited on by fifteen young women; and in the *Ranga Saga* an account is given of another celebrated witch named Thorbiorga, who, together with her nine sisters, were all professional witches, and famous for their prognostications and knowledge of futurity. They frequented public assemblies and entertainments when invited for purposes of divination. Thorkil, a Danish earl, in order to know when a famine and plague which prevailed would cease, sent for Thorbiorga to tell the time. On her arrival she was dressed in a gown of green cloth, closely buttoned from top to bottom; about her neck was a string of glass beads, and her head was covered with the skin of a black lamb, lined with that of a white cat; her shoes were calfskin with the hair on, tied with thongs, and fastened with brass buttons; on her hands were gloves made of the skin of a white cat, with the fur inward; about her waist she wore a Hunlandic girdle, at which hung a bag containing her magical instruments; and she supported herself on a staff ornamented with many knobs of brass. This system of witchcraft so introduced into Ireland by the Danes assumed such proportions, that a special Act of Parliament was found necessary to put it down, and accordingly Queen Elizabeth, who was a ‘strong-minded woman,’ and had no nonsense or superstition about her, had an Act passed (28 Eliz., chap. 2 Irish), which is so curious that perhaps you will excuse me for quoting a rather full abstract of it: ‘If any shall use, produce, or exer-

cise any invocations or conjurations of evil or wicked spirits, to or for any intent or purpose, or shall use, practise, or exercise any witchcraft, enchantment, charm or sorcery whereby any person shall happen to be killed, or 'death ensue,' the offender shall suffer death as a felon, without benefit of clergy; and it was further enacted that if any person so operated upon by witchcraft, &c., should be 'wasted, consumed, or lamed in their body and members,' or 'goods destroyed,' the offender should suffer a year's imprisonment for the first offence, and once in every quarter of the year stand openly upon the pillory for six hours on a market-day, and openly confess the error or offence; and for the second offence should suffer death as a felon without benefit of clergy. It is a positive fact, which our criminal records attest, that so late as the early part of the last century women were tried in the county Antrim for witchcraft under this Act; and the corporation of Carrickfergus, not to be behind-hand, and thinking 'scolds' were a milder species of 'witches,' 'ordered and agreed, that all manner of scolds, which shall be openly detected of scolding, or evil words in manner of scolding, and for the same shall be condemned by Mr. Mayor and his brethren, and shall be drawn at the stern of a boat, in the water, from the end of the Weir, round about the Queen's Majesty's Castle in the manner of ducking, and after when a cage shall be made, the party so condemned for a scold shall be therein punished at the discretion of the mayor.' The 'cage, or 'ducking-stool,' as it was called—an old relic of Carrickfergus, was, until very lately, existing; and in later times 'witches' were mercifully adjudged to be 'scolds' there, and subjected to the 'ducking-stool,' rather than to the severer penalties of the statute of Elizabeth.

"The Carrick-on-Suir witchery case is certainly extraordinary. Mrs. Mary Doheny, the wife of a blind man, appeared in that town some fourteen months ago, and professed to be able to reveal to the living the forms of those long since dead. One of her disciples was a Mrs. Reeves, in whose house she 'lived almost constantly, eating, drinking, and *bewitching* her, until Mrs. Reeves, who before had been a fine, handsome-looking woman, grew pale and emaciated, with peculiarly lustrous but *sunken* eyes.' Her husband, Reeves, himself a police-constable, shared in her infatuation. The father of Mrs. Reeves was a man named Mullins, who died some years ago. The *witch* about two months since, brought Reeves and his wife to an 'unoccupied house near the railway bridge, and at twelve o'clock at night—*this* they have actually sworn to—showed them the father and *child* of Mrs. Reeves and another relative, Tom Sheehan, *actually* alive!' Ever since, with extreme regularity, Reeves and *his* wife have prepared food and sent their niece with it to Mrs. Doheny,

for the use of their relatives and child who had 'come to life.' The following extract from the sworn informations of these people discloses the most extraordinary infatuation.

"Mr. Hanna, prosecuting for the Crown, examined Mrs. Reeves: 'What is your name?'—'Mullins is my maiden name, but Reeves by marriage.' 'Is your father dead?'—'He died about three years ago, and was buried in Carrick-on-Suir; but he is now living in Carrick-on-Suir.' 'Living! how can you say that?'—'Because I saw him. Under what circumstances?'—'I had a whisper from him; his voice was heard by night, and afterwards Mrs. Doheny (the prisoner) brought me and showed him to me. She also showed me Tom Sheehan, who was lame, and my own child. They were all alive' (sensation in the court); 'I sent them food regularly, and upon one occasion I sent my father my chemise to serve as a shirt for him.' (This witness gave her evidence in a clear, collected, and positive manner).

"Constable Reeves, a man of about forty-five years of age, was next called, and he swore that he too saw the two persons and his little daughter whom he believed to be dead. There was no doubt whatever upon his mind; there they were, where the prisoner pointed them out, and, more than this, she had brought him to a field near the moat of Ballydine, and showed him William Mullins, with whom he had been well acquainted.

"The niece was called, a fine intelligent girl she appeared to be, and in a clear voice and unhesitatingly she answered the questions put to her by the magistrates. Having been sworn, she that said every night after dark she brought tea, milk, bread and butter and other food, and gave them to her uncle, Tom Sheehan, who she always saw standing under the wall of the old house. The magistrate interrogated her closely, but she persisted in swearing that it was to Tom Sheehan and no one else she gave the food.

"Hayes, a retired policeman, came forward, and positively deposed on oath that he knew some of his own relatives brought to life. Prisoner showed Mullins to him—he believed in ghosts; 'for,' said he, 'I saw one in the county of Cork, standing outside the door where a cousin of mine was waking.' 'It is not so extraordinary,' he added, 'for persons to be raised from the dead.'

"Singular, is it not, that in this enlightened age, a scene of this description should have occurred in a court of justice? And yet the 'supernatural' was not confined to the persons who were produced against this modern Witch of Endor. 'The magistrate,' adds the *Clonmel Chronicle*, 'and a crowded audience were positively astounded, and, from the remarks which were heard to proceed from several persons—some well dressed, and apparently in comfortable circumstances in life—and also from

the awe which was written upon the countenances of a still greater number, it appears that many beside the *bewitched* family believe in the power of the prisoner.' Constable Reeves, who is rational and clear-headed in every other matter, may be seen daily in the streets of Clonmel, whither he has been transferred, walking, baton in hand, 'as one of the preservers of the public peace.' From private sources I learn that nothing can exceed the excitement which pervades, I may say, the entire of Tipperary on this subject. The people seem determined to run wildly into this delusion, as the Ulster people did some few years ago into the 'Revivals.' The old memories of the past accelerate the infatuation. Witches were considered here, as in the northern nations, to have a peculiar affinity to cats—that sagacious animal being considered capable of seeing into futurity, and hence the skins of cats were worn by witches; and cats and witches were always represented as companions. Witches were also considered frequently to change themselves into hares, and thus run with marvellous rapidity on their mischievous errands; and there prevailed a belief amongst the common people of Ireland—in truth, I often heard it in the cabins of Ulster in my boyhood—that they were invulnerable to leaden bullets, and could be shot only by a sixpence or silver ball. In the same province the belief in witchcraft prevailed to a great extent in former times, and is not yet eradicated; in fact, I heard many tales of it this summer, up in the Braid, in Antrim, and among the Hills of Down; and it is a curious intellectual feature of a certain class of the people there, that they will sit, evening after evening, at the blazing turf and bog oak fire, telling 'thrilling tales' of witchcraft. The Evil Eye, called in Irish 'Beim-Sul,' signifying a 'Stroke of the Eye,' a belief connected with witchcraft, was in former times very prevalent in Ireland."—*Daily Telegraph*, September 14.

PROGRESS OF MISSIONS COMPARED WITH SPIRITUALISM.

Perhaps a more striking instance of the lifelessness of modern Christianity cannot be found than in the reports of the various missionary societies. I have before me the statement of the "Church Missionary Society," for the year ending March 31st, 1861, the 62nd year from its foundation. There are 148 stations in all parts of the world—192 European, 66 native clergy—200 native catechists—800 mission schools. Income for the year, £149,182, which has been exceeded to the extent of £6,100. Can a more gigantic failure be conceived than is apparent in the following professed results:—Only 1,600 reported conversions last year, averaging six to each clergyman, costing £93 each conversion—130,000 reported conversions from the commencement of the society (*two generations*), equal to 2,100 per annum, costing many millions. The report significantly states "there are about 750 millions still lying in heathenism." May it not be said "Son of man can these bones live?" How very different is the spread of Spiritualism going on throughout the world at this moment, and without any human effort whatever.—*Spiritual Times*.

LIGHT.—AN EARLY-MORNING SOLILOQUY.

 By THOMAS BREVIER.

“Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;”

SINGS good Bishop Ken, in his well-known evening hymn. Well may we thank God for light, and all the blessings it bestows! The plant grows and creeps toward the light; the flower turns toward the sun; without light vegetation languishes, withers, dies. Light, too, is the great revealer; by it, we apprehend the green earth, the blue sky, the rolling sea, all nature's fair variety of things, from the daisy at my feet, to the farthest star I last night beheld, as it faintly twinkled in the distant heavens. Creation itself arose from out the formless void at the command—“Let there be Light!” as every day by the same fiat creation is renewed.

Well might the nations of old in their devotions turn their faces to the east! well might the men of early times worship the sun and stars as emblems—faint emblems though they be, of that uncreated light in whom is no darkness at all! Well might the cultivated Grecian mind represent the sun-god as young, beautiful, majestic—the bringer of harmony—the lord of day. Light,—the universal, pure, free, fresh light of heaven, moment by moment ever renewed, bathing the world in glory, crowning it with abundance, and filling the heart of man and all creation with joy, so that the insect doth buzz forth its delight, and the lark carol its matin song, and the glad eagle soar towards the sun,—the poetic mind, the devout soul, yea, the common mind and heart of man has ever seen the most fitting type and symbol of Deity, and the emanation of Divine wisdom. It has seized on this idea of light—the all-pervading, embracing, and sustaining light, as the one image and correspondence of divine truth, and of the Being who alone is truth—the fount and source of all truth in art, science, religion; and of all men's noblest aspirations;—the central luminary, of which the highest human philosophy is but a faint reflection; though men in their ignorance have too oft mistaken its pale and ineffectual fire for heaven's own direct and immediate light. This correspondence has found expression in almost every language, and the sense of it lies in nature, deeper probably than any language can adequately express.

Milton opens his immortal poem with solemn invocations to—

“Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure;”

And he breathes the prayer :—

“ Instruct me, for thou know’st ;
What in me is dark
Illumine.”

In common conversation and in our devotional exercises, light is the standing symbol and representative of truth : we speak of “ intellectual light,” “ the light of knowledge,” “ the light of reason,” “ the light of the Gospel.” In our churches we pray for “ the light of thy Holy Spirit ;” we beseech God to “ lighten our darkness,” to “ give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light,” and to “ cast thy bright beams of light upon thy church,” that it “ may so walk in the light of thy truth that it may at length attain the light of everlasting life.”

The last words of Goëthe are said to have been—“ More light.” Let us complement and complete the prayer by its needful correlative,—more love. More light, more love ! might well be the first words of infancy, the last of man or of angel ; for light and love in their infinite varieties comprehend all of possible or conceivable good. It would be the prayer that God himself may dwell in us—that we may become the living temples of his Holy Spirit, for light and love are his essential nature. We distinguish between light and love, and to our understanding and reception of them they are discreted, or, at least, capable of being so ; but in themselves love, light, and life are one. Love is the soul of light, as light is the mind of love ; and without light and love there can be no life. Love is the beginning of life ; the cessation of love is death. There can be no knowledge—no light where there is no love. This is so even in purely intellectual things. It is only where we truly love that we truly know. Observation is only *onsight* ; it can make us acquainted with but the surfaces of things ; by sympathy alone can we gain *insight*. Not till we lay down lovingly beside the thing we would know, embracing it in the arms of our affections, and entering into the sphere of its inner communion, can we hope to read its riddle and pluck out the heart of its mystery. Light and love grow out of the same trunk-root of sympathy, as light and heat radiate from the same sun. “ It is with man’s soul as it was with Nature—the beginning of Creation is—*Light*. Till the eye have vision the whole members are in bonds. Divine moment, when over the tempest-tost soul, as once over the wild-weltering chaos, it is spoken : ‘ Let there be Light !’ Ever to the greatest that has felt such moment, is it not miraculous and God-announcing ; even as, under simpler figures, to the simplest and least ? The mad primeval Discord is hushed ; the rudely-jumbled conflicting elements bind themselves into separate firmaments : deep silent

rock-foundations are built beneath, and the skyey vault, with its everlasting Luminaries above; instead of a dark wasteful Chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, Heaven-encompassed world." In our search for truth we do not sufficiently estimate the importance of moral qualities in the seeker. "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light."

Welcome the light of early dawn, so full of promise and of hope. Welcome the splendour of the noon-day light. Welcome, too, the soft light of eve, with its quiet repose, its mild twilight memories, its pensive thoughts, its spiritual suggestions.—But darkness and night,—do we not instinctively shrink from these? "By general consent there is an intrinsic connection between night and evil. All nations have thought wicked spirits to have then most power. It is from a natural horror of the dark that children will cry in it, and the nearer that men approach to a state of nature, the more do they shrink from it as an evil thing. You may get over your dislike to it, and so you may to any other ill object; but from the beginning, allegorically and physically, it has been connected with the idea of sin. A deed of darkness, and powers of darkness carry their meaning in their face." When Lady Macbeth calls on the spirits that tend on mortal thought to fill her from the crown to the toe top-full of direst cruelty, that she may carry out her fell intent to destroy the gracious Duncan, she invokes, as best suiting her dread purpose, the congenial element and seeming security of darkness and night:—

"Come, thick night,
And pall me in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry *hold! hold!*"

And so, when Macbeth resolves to murder Banquo, he makes a similar invocation:—

"Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale.
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
While'st night's black agents to their prey do rouse."

Who can fail to recognize in these passages Shakespeare's inimitable fidelity to nature?

Byron in his poem, *Darkness*, accumulates the most terrific images to convey a sense of the horror it inspires:—

"The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth,
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day."

Milton represents our first parents as ending their Morning Hymn in Paradise with the petition:—

“ If the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.”

And an epic poet of our own day* hails the Night:—

“ Mother of human fear!
Vague solitude where infant man first felt
His native helplessness! Beneath whose drear
And solemn coverture he, trembling, knelt
To what in thy vast womb of darkness dwelt,
Unseen, unknown; but with the waking sun,
Shouting, sprang up to see glad Nature melt
In smiles, triumphantly his joy-god run
Up the blue sky, and light's bright reign again begun!”

If light in its origin streams forth pure and white, we know how it is broken and coloured by the objects and atmospheres through which it passes; so, the white light of truth, perfect though it comes from its author, yet becomes, alas! how sadly broken and darkened as it strikes against the rugged peaks of prejudice, and passes through understandings clouded and darkened by falsities and moral perversions. The light of the natural understanding—the light which in its degree lighteth every man that cometh into the world, manifests its own insufficiency, and proclaims the need of a more interior light;—it cannot light us out of the region of phenomena to see things in their absolute verity—in their essential being; it cannot but reflect its own deadness to all around and within its reach. We reel and stagger as a drunken man, clutching at shadows, and longing for the dawn. O, for the first glimmer of the sun rising in its strength! O, for the first faint streaks that shall touch with gold the distant hills! O, for the first rays of light that shall beam in upon the soul to intimate that “the black bat night hath flown;” or, at least, hath lifted its wing for flight;—that the long night of darkness and doubt is indeed passing, or past away; and calling forth from the soul responsive music, as the statue of Memnon gave forth melodious sound when first touched by the beams of the rising sun! O, that the inner sanctuary of our spirits might be kept inviolate and pure, free from all spot and blemish, and our lives be—

“ Quiet and gentle, clear and fair as light,
Yet full of its all-penetrating power,
Its silent but resistless influence;
Wasting no needless sound, yet ever working,
Hour after hour, upon a needy world!”

Our eyes, accustomed to the darkness, would, indeed, be struck blind with the full blaze of the sun's glory, did we at once gaze

* Thomas Cooper: *Purgatory of Suicides*.

upon it in its full noon-tide splendour! God mercifully orders it otherwise; little by little does the light dawn: we cannot mark the instant of its beginning, but we know 'tis here. He, who is, emphatically, The Light of the World, said to his own immediate disciples—to those most fully prepared to receive his teachings—"I have many things to say unto you; but ye cannot bear them now." To each man and to each age, according to its need, does the divine light manifest itself. The light of yesterday was good, but the light of to-day is good also. The earth needs present sunshine, the soul prays for its daily bread, it needs continuous illumination. This may in measure be reflected from seers and prophets in the past, but we cannot do with only moonlight. The light and life of God must light up the human temple for its morning and evening sacrifice.

Too often indeed "the light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not;" again and again men have preferred the darkness to which they were accustomed to the unwelcome light of new truth, mistaking indeed darkness for light, and calling the light darkness. We need constant communion with the spirits of just men made perfect, and above all with the Father of Spirits and Source of Light. In the *New Jerusalem*, as seen in apocalyptic vision, we shall need nor sun nor moon, for the Lord himself will be the light thereof, and there will be no night there. And may we not even now enter within the portals of the Holy City by living in loving communion with Him who has promised to be ever-present with his disciples, to take up his abode with them and dwell with them? It needs only that we be one with Him, even as He is one with the Father;—one with Him in all human sympathies, in disinterested love, in self-sacrifice, even unto death;—one with Him in his divine work, which he tells us is "to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish his work." To save the world from sin, to bring men to a state of oneness with God, and redeem them from spiritual darkness and deadness, and reveal to them the true light and life:—this was the work of the Divine Man, the work given Him of his Father. It is given to us also, to each man according to his capacity, and in the sphere in which by Divine appointment or permission he is placed. And he who does this work faithfully, be that work little or much, will not the spirit of the Lord be with him, not figuratively, but really so; enlightening, strengthening, aiding him in that work, and as he is faithful in it, adding unto his gifts, and through all the uses of a well-ordered life operating through him upon the world? We are enjoined to let our light shine before men, not that they may pamper our vanities and conceits, but that they may thereby be led to glorify our Father which is in heaven.

Light of the World! in Thee we trust,
 And bow before Thy sovereign will;
 From every evil thought and lust
 Do Thou protect and guard us still.

O, give to us the child-like heart,
 Deep-filled with love to human kind!
 Without the love Thou dost impart,
 Our loves are selfish, weak, and blind.

Saviour of men, to Thee we turn!
 We seek from sin to gain release:
 O, may Thy love within us burn,
 And fill us with Thy heavenly peace!

SPIRITUAL IMPRESSION IN A DREAM.

IN *Richardson's Local Historian's Table-Book of Northumberland and Durham*, in the "Historical Divison" is found at p. 410 of Vol. 1, the following statement:—"1774.—In the beginning of January of this year a melancholy circumstance occurred at Berwick-upon-Tweed. A sergeant who was beating up for recruits in the place fell in with a farmer who lived at some distance from thence. While they were drinking together at an alehouse, the sergeant offered him some guineas to enlist, which he refused, saying very imprudently, that he stood in no need of his gold, for that he had at home fifteen guineas in his chest. Their landlord most unluckily overheard their conversation, and shortly afterwards disappeared. In the meantime, it being late, they continued drinking till the farmer consented to go to bed with the sergeant in the same house. About midnight, when they were both in bed and asleep, the farmer started up in the greatest terror, and said to the sergeant, that he was sure some ruffians were at that time plundering his house, and that they had killed his wife; but the sergeant laughing, replied, that it was a mere fancy, which should not be regarded, and begged him to lie down again, which he accordingly did. A little after, he started up a second time in the same fright as before, and repeated the same words, which made so strong an impression on the sergeant that he instantly got up, put on his clothes, and taking some soldiers with him, accompanied the farmer to his own house, when, looking in at a window, they beheld with astonishment the landlord of the alehouse from whence they came, and another villain, plundering the house as the farmer had foretold. They were still more surprised on entering at the sight of the poor woman, his wife, lying in her blood, with her throat cut. They immediately apprehended the ruffians, and carried them to Berwick, where they were laid in gaol."

PASSING EVENTS—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

SPIRITUALISM IN SCOTLAND.

I ALLUDED in my last paper to the fact, that whilst Mr. Paterson and his party in Glasgow, were endeavouring to put down Spiritualism, and had gone so far as to publish a foolish pamphlet for the purpose of exposing Mr. Conklin, and to discredit mediumship generally, there were gentlemen in his immediate neighbourhood who were receiving indubitable proofs of its reality.

One of these, a resident in Glasgow, wrote to inform me that he and a party of friends were pursuing the enquiry, and had succeeded in satisfying themselves that Mr. Paterson's conclusions were erroneous, though they had not obtained as yet, manifestations of a sufficiently marked character to place upon record. At the same time he informed me that a gentleman of high character and great intelligence, residing at Port Glasgow, with a circle of friends, was obtaining through the mediumship of one of their party, Mr. C——, an engineer, some very interesting and remarkable manifestations. Subsequently, the gentleman alluded to, Mr. A. G——, of Port Glasgow, wrote to me, and enclosed a photograph, which had been obtained in his own private glass room, whilst experimenting in the hope of obtaining spirit-photographs. With this explanation, the following correspondence will be understood.

“ London, July 18, 1864,

“ 51, Pembridge Villas, Bayswater.

“ Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your note of the 16th; enclosing a photograph, and I also received, some days ago, a letter from you requesting that your name should not appear in print in connexion with the story of the ‘ Port Glasgow Ghost.’

“ I, of course, should not use the names of any of my correspondents without their sanction, and I had no intention of referring again to the Port Glasgow affair, in which I have since been told by Mr. — that you were the actor. But if there be anything more than appeared in the newspaper paragraphs already noticed by me, I shall be glad to have the fullest account that you can send me, as I shall be of any other well-authenticated fact connected with Spiritualism and its phenomena.

“ I am puzzled by the brevity of your note, because of the ‘ spirit-photograph’ enclosed. If you and your friend, who you say is a medium, have been merely trying to produce an *imitation* of those which were sent some time since from America—and copies of which I suppose you have seen—you

are but wasting your valuable time, as we all know how, by *introducing* a figure for half the time required for a full operation, a shadowy ghost-like figure may be got. But if the one you have sent is a veritable *spirit*-photograph, it is very important and very interesting, and I should have thought for my better understanding you would have felt it necessary, in sending it to me, to describe under what circumstances and conditions it was obtained, and whether *you know* that there was no *old* impression on the plate; whether you have obtained others, and what they are like, &c., &c.

“ You ask me ‘ to direct you to the source of information in regard to taking spirit-photographs.’ All the information we have upon the subject is to be found in last year’s volume of the *Spiritual Magazine*. A little more than a year ago I received from a friend of mine (Mr. D. Farrer, a leading merchant in Boston, who, like myself, is much interested in the subject,) several of the photographs, which have been copied here and sold by Pitman. They were taken by an artist named Mumler, who, *if they were genuine*, must have been a *medium* through whom this new and most interesting phase of spiritual-manifestations was first developed, and indeed with the exception of a solitary instance recently alluded to, the only person yet known who has obtained them. A great deal of controversy arose amongst the Spiritualists in America, as to their genuineness, and Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, went to Boston purposely to test it. He took his own plates and prepared them for the operation, and after several trials pronounced in favour of their reality. Messrs. A. J. Davis & Co., of New York, proprietors and editors of the *Herald of Progress*, a weekly journal devoted to Spiritualism, sent Mr. William Guay to Boston to make a special investigation. Mr. Guay, who is a practical photographer, made a thorough trial, not allowing, as he said, Mr. Mumler to touch the glass until it had gone through the entire operation, and after several trials receiving more and more perfect results, he too endorsed their reality. Mr. Farrer, when sending the specimens to me, said though he had not himself seen the process, he had no doubt of their genuineness on the testimony of three of his own friends, who in sitting for their likeness, obtained, on the same plate, the spirit-likeness of relatives *whom they recognised*; nevertheless the doubters accused Mr. Mumler of trickery. He has disappeared from the scene, and we have heard no more of the subject for many months past. It is difficult to imagine how so many people—many as I have said obtaining likenesses of their own departed friends—could have been deceived, there being no other person present in the artist’s room. Now, if indeed, your friend should prove to be a medium for obtaining these spirit-photographs, it

will be a most important corroboration of the reality of this very interesting phase of spirit-power, and I shall look forward with some anxiety for a full account from you of further trials.

"You will see that the most satisfactory result will be to obtain a likeness of yourself, or of any friend, with the spirit-likeness on the same plate, of any deceased relative which is recognizable; and if that which you have sent me, be, as I understand you to say it is, a veritable spirit-form, obtained under circumstances *free of all suspicion*, you are pretty sure to obtain them in the way I have spoken of.

"Is the artist professional or is he an amateur? In what other way have you tested the reality of his mediumship?

"I shall be glad if you can, in the course of a post or two, give me some details, that I may introduce the subject in my next paper on "Passing Events;" and if you will be good enough to return me this letter, or a copy of it, I shall be obliged, as I should wish to make the whole circumstances as clear as I can to the readers of the Magazine.

"Awaiting your reply,

"I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

"A. G——, Esq.,
"Port Glasgow."

"B. COLEMAN.

—
"Port Glasgow, 20th July, 1864.

"Dear Sir,—Your favour of the 18th instant is to hand this morning, and I herewith return it as desired, not having time to copy it. My friend's mediumship is exhibited in his having been floated to the ceiling; having smelled spirit odours; and having looked in a mirror without seeing himself; each of these happened but once. Rappings, tiltings, and communications are *quite common things* when he is at a table. He is also a seer. These things led me to think he would be successful in taking a spirit-photograph. One day, when alone in my glass room, he got the plate of which I sent you a print. As the resemblance to himself is distinct to me, I sought for the explanation in reflection, which would necessarily be a double reflection; but why should there be a reflection of himself and not of the camera on which his hands were resting? A professional photographer could not solve the matter. An optician was to have examined my glass room, but has not yet done so. At a sitting I *tabled* the print, and a spirit purporting to be 'Mesmer' spelled out on the dial plate, 'It is his *eidolon*,' adding *impressionally* to Mr. C——, that he (Mesmer) was in the room at the time. We got from 'Franklin' two months ago that Mr. C—— can and will take them after two years' training as a medium. Various spirits have sat for their portraits (amongst them the

'Port Glasgow Ghost'), but none have appeared on the plates. On one we imagined we saw the outline of two heads, but it may have been imagination. 'Mesmer' and 'Swedenborg' do not give the same instructions, but 'Franklin' is most reliable. Either on Friday night, or Friday night week (probably the latter) we are to have a sitting to shew J. W. Jackson (author of *Phrenology, Mesmerism, &c.*) some phenomena; he is to bring a clairvoyante, and perhaps we may gain another step in regard to the pictures. I felt anxious to solve the matter *now*, as my friend may go to sea in a fortnight in charge of a pair of engines, and I am likely to dispose of my glass room and photographic apparatus, as the amusement occupies too much time.

"One night Mr. C—— wondered to see his landlady's cat brush up its tail, and exhibit every symptom of fear; on turning round, he saw the figure of Sir Walter Scott. It would form an interesting enquiry, had we any means to decide it: did the cat see the image optically or magnetically? Mr. C—— says the impression to him was a vivid one—more so than usual. If the cat saw it optically, it might surely have been photographed; if magnetically, then what are the conditions in reference to the chemicals and state of atmosphere, necessary to obtain a picture of the image (or spirit)?

"'Mesmer' (at table) said it is as easy to take a spirit-form as an *eidolon* of a living person; but the question is, what dependence can be placed on his opinion?

"'Swedenborg' gave me certain instructions, and added 'put that right at once and you will succeed;' but I did not succeed. But, certainly, part of his advice was useful for any kind of photograph, and obviously needed (as he said) at the time.

"B. Coleman, Esq., London.

—
"Port Glasgow, 16th August, 1864.

"Dear Sir,—I fully intended to write you sooner, and at some length, but business and other engagements have prevented me; and as my friend the medium has been very busy, sometimes at work till a very late hour, we have been unable to give much attention to Spiritualism.

"We have again discussed the idea of publishing a pamphlet, and will probably do so; this will save us much time answering questions and replying to letters.

"We have not had further opportunity of experimenting in photography; this I regret, as I anticipated that ere now we would have had more pictures to send you. In regard to the photograph I sent you, please note that it was taken on a new glass plate, carefully cleaned by a professional photographer, the latter gentleman has only one explanation to offer, *viz.*

‘diabolical agency.’ As the features are distinctly those of the medium, an optician said there must be some unknown source of reflection, causing his shadow to be impinged on the atmosphere, and which, though unseen, might be photographed. I offered him two guineas to produce a similar picture, but he has failed to earn it. One gentleman, who is ardently devoted to mesmerism, believes that that will yet explain it, until it does however, I have no hesitation in acknowledging my conviction that the portrait is either one produced by spirit-agency—call it *diabolic* if you will—or that it is such a portrait of the medium’s *eidolon*, or double, as may be readily obtained, when all the requisite conditions are discovered and conformed to.

“Of the unusual traits of mediumship manifested in my friend, the principal one is clear-seeing; his written descriptions of deceased persons have been recognized by relatives of the parties; for instance, his notes of the first spiritual vision are of a female:—“Height, 5 ft. 6 in.; age, 26 years; face, slightly oval; hair, auburn; eyes, gray; complexion, brunette; body, not robust but medium-build; nails, short; dress, brown, with knot of blue ribbons; a book in her hand, with ‘. three years,’ written on it.” The name on the the book was that of an acquaintance; the medium made a *fac-simile* of the writing, and related the whole to the gentleman named, who at once said it was the description of his wife’s cousin, who died three years since, and that the writing was exactly like hers; however, on her brown dress she had worn *a row* of knots of blue ribbon, not one knot only, as in the medium’s description. The gentleman, whose name appeared on the book, has since informed me that, for many years he was a sceptic (in the orthodox sense of the word), he is not so now.

“The communications from this lady at our *séances*, have been partly the means of forcing the conviction on my mind that the spirits who surround us are not all evil ones; for instance, in reply to my question: ‘What is the nature of your employments or enjoyments?’ she gave, promptly: ‘We hold it a good exercise for our affections to aid in the development of new-born spirits, and fit them for spending a happy eternity in their heavenly Father’s house; this employment, my dear friends, gives us a most pure and exquisite joy.’

“But the medium has also attested descriptions of persons still living. On this point, I much desire reliable information. Is man not dual but triune? Duality in the spirit-world seems accordant with reason; include in that duality our present material bodies, and we have then ‘body, soul, and spirit.’ If the *eidolon* is the spirit, how does the body think, speak, and act when the *eidolon* is absent from it? Does the soul operate

direct upon the bodily organs as well as through the medium of the spirit? Excuse my ignorance; the singular incidents I wrote you of have aroused me, and I wish for *light*.

“While I place the most implicit reliance in my friend’s honour and truthfulness in these investigations, and believe in the occurrence of levitation, and other curious spiritual phenomena which have happened to him in his lodgings, I do not wish to give them prominence, nor do I ask others to believe them, seeing we cannot produce witnesses to attest them. But the markings on glass plates, placed under the table, can be attested; and the ordinary manifestations have been witnessed by many persons in Glasgow, Greenock, and Port Glasgow, male and female, of various social positions, and of various religious denominations. The physical manifestations I refer to are tippings, tiltings, rockings of tables, as of ships at sea, and tables made to feel alternately very light and very heavy; sometimes sitters have got strokes across their legs and their arms, and in one amusing instance, a friend, in my glass room, was struck on the side of his head with the flat top of a small round table. We have had various breakages of tables, and one evening the pointer of the alphabet dial plate was stolen for two hours, and was then thrown at one of the persons sitting at the table. Of the intellectual communications, some have been by impression (through the medium), some spelled in absence of a dial by tippings on and tilting of table, but the greater part have been spelled out on an alphabet screwed to one corner of the table, and with a pointer attached to a watch spring, so fixed that as the table rises and falls the pointer indicates the letter to be noted down; the rapidity with which communications are thus given is quite amazing. Some of the earlier communications contained instructions how to conduct a *séance*, such as a private prayer before meeting, reading the Bible when met, the passages to be read being given on the dial, the degree of heat, the amount of light, how to sit at the table, a test whereby to try the spirits, &c., &c. Perhaps the irregular character of some of the *séances* is attributable to nonconformity to the first conditions; still we have had many excellent conversations; of these I have given you one instance, and will now conclude with another. One evening when in communication (professedly) with a deceased engineer, I rose to leave at the hour I had arranged to return home, and asked ‘Have you anything to say to me before I go?’ The prompt response was, ‘Let your heavenly Father guide you by the light of his countenance, and may his smile be your companion for ever. Amen and Amen.’

“I remain yours very truly,

“B. Coleman, Esq.”

“A. G—

In a subsequent letter, my correspondent informs me that at a *séance* at which several persons were present, including the medium, Mr. C——, and a well-known clairvoyante, a child who was sick was brought into the room to test the lady's power of describing its disease. Before anything was said by the clairvoyante, Mr. C—— saw a spirit-form exactly resembling her's pass from the sofa on which she was lying, and place its hand on the child's head. Then coming over to him the spirit told him the nature of the child's disease, which he wrote on a slip of paper and handed it to one of the party near him. Immediately after, the clairvoyante spoke, and described the child's condition in the same words as those Mr. C—— had already written on the slip of paper.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

I am at present spending my summer holidays, with my family at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight; and since my sojourn in the Island, I have been addressed by Mr. B——, of Ryde, a working engraver, who enclosed the proof-sheets of a pamphlet he is about to publish on Spiritualism, entitled "Is it True: an Address by a Working Man." It is a most creditable production, very earnest, and free from all exaggeration. I hope the readers of the Spiritual Magazine will each take at least one copy of the pamphlet, to save Mr. B—— from loss in his desire to disseminate his convictions and reasonings on the truth of Spiritualism.

There is a Philosophical and Scientific Institution at Ryde, and Spiritualism has advanced so far in that town as to have induced one of its leading members, Mr. Joseph Paul, to read a paper some time since to the Society, in which he invited the members to calmly investigate the claims of Spiritualism, having become satisfied himself of the reality of the phenomena, though unable as yet, to acknowledge their spiritual origin.

Mr. Paul was kind enough to invite a few friends to dine with me at his house. In the evening he had convened a special meeting of the members of the society and their friends by circular, to hear an address from me, on the facts of my personal experiences in Spiritualism, both at home and in America.

There were a number of ladies and gentlemen present, including five of the principal medical men of the town, and three clergymen, one of whom, the Rev. Mr. Barry, presided. I am not aware that any notes were taken of the proceedings, and I desire only to say that from the questions that were put to me, and the discussion which followed my address, though exhibiting the usual phases of scepticism, added to the sentiments

privately expressed to me, I am convinced that in the community of Ryde, there will be found many intelligent men, who will sooner or later be added to the ranks of the Spiritualists.

In the town of Ventnor, where I am tolerably well known, I must have spoken, during a sojourn of six weeks, with at least one hundred persons—residents and visitors, upon the subject of Spiritualism. The result to my mind was to convince me that the knowledge of Spiritualism and its phenomena is most widely spread—that mediumship in some degree, is as I have always believed, a common inheritance; and that it is only those who, like myself, by proclaiming the facts of their own experiences, and shewing thereby an openness to receive with sympathy and respect any statement from others, who can ever realize the extent of knowledge upon this subject which timidity conceals from the fear of encountering the ridicule of the unthinking.

From these conversations I accordingly secured the confidence of some who assured me that they never dared to speak openly, even with those in close relationship about them, from the fear of being misunderstood. The history of one lady, as related by her to me, is of a deeply interesting and instructive character. I regret that I am obliged to withhold it from the readers of the Magazine, in deference to her wishes. She is a highly accomplished and intellectual person, moving in the best society. I merely allude to this case to say that this lady acknowledges that Spiritualism has proved a great solace and comfort to her.

Another gentleman, who, though he had not given much attention to the subject, from want of opportunity, admitted his belief in spiritual intercourse, but was not quite satisfied that it was right to encourage it. He readily accepted my recommendation to purchase a copy of Mr. Brevior's book, "The Two Worlds," and forthwith read it through, and, as he said, with great satisfaction, deeming it a valuable acquisition to his library.

After many conversations with this gentleman on Spiritualism, he at length admitted that he himself had had some experience. He mentioned one incident which he had never before spoken of, and which as it tends to corroborate the fact of spectral appearances, and has a feature new to me, I think worth recording.

He was sorrowing for the loss of one to whom he was attached, and was sleeping in the same room, in a separate bed, with a nephew. Shortly after he had been in bed, he saw the full figure and recognized the face of his departed friend, who smiled and waved her hand. At the same moment his nephew called out in alarm "Uncle, there is a woman in the room!" upon which the figure disappeared, and he not wishing to encourage the thought, reproved his nephew, told him he was dreaming, and bade him go to sleep. In the morning he casually alluded to the circumstance,

and found his nephew positive in his belief, that he saw a female figure standing at the foot of his uncle's bed. "Did you see her face," he asked, "and do you know who it was?" "No," the nephew replied, "I don't know who it was, I only saw her back, but I am sure it was a woman."

This apparition, seen by two persons at the same moment from opposite sides of the room, supports the statements of many others, that these spectral appearances are not illusions, the result of an over-wrought brain, but a tangible and palpable reality.

The landlord of the house where I stayed, when asked by his pastor if he was aware that he had a well-known Spiritualist staying in the house, confessed to him that he really did not know what he meant; and, doubtless, expressed a secret hope that a Spiritualist was not a very dangerous character.

His wife had been asked the same question by a lady who resides at Ventnor, and who appears to have called for the express purpose of learning something about me. She told my hostess that a Spiritualist was living with her, "My husband," the lady said, "knows him by reputation." My simple-minded hostess, however, like her good husband, did not clearly comprehend what was meant by Spiritualism; and as I had heard that the reverend gentleman had spoken of me to several other persons, and had expressed his intention to honour me with a call, which he, however, omitted, I thought I would take the opportunity of telling my landlord and his wife what entitled me to so much attention on the part of her neighbours, and what I understood by Spiritualism. I think that I succeeded in dispelling my fears which they might possibly have had upon the subject, for I discovered that they too were Spiritualists. They fully believed in the possibility of spirits conversing with us and influencing our actions. They were certain that spiritual appearances were not a delusion, for both had seen such things. The wife lived with her mother in a haunted house, and was convinced that her mother had seen the spirit that haunted it. On one occasion too, when her father was driving them home on a winter's evening, and when about three miles of their destination, they all saw a figure in white standing in the middle of the road. The horse was even more frightened by the spectre than they were, and refused to pass the spot. Her father tried in vain to urge him on, and finding it impossible, they were at length obliged to leave the horse and chaise in the road and finish the journey on foot. The husband also told me a similar story, but said they never dared to talk of these things for, of course, nobody would believe them.

A gentleman who has his country residence in Ventnor, and who holds a high official position in the commercial world in the

city, informed me that having become acquainted with the facts of Spiritualism a year or two ago, being up to that time an unbeliever in a future state; he had pursued the enquiry, and it had resulted in his complete conversion: he was now a contented, and a happier man. Two of his own children and four of his nephews and nieces are mediums. The daughter of a friend of his, then a visitor at Ventnor, is a medium, and at a *séance* the evening previous to his speaking to me he said that the table at which they were seated floated out of their reach. He also told me that a young lady who had been governess to his children was a medium, and when she recently obtained another situation with a family in Devonshire, that fact which she was advised to conceal was accidentally revealed, and proved an additional recommendation, the lady and her family being deeply interested in Spiritualism. Thus it will be seen from the evidence I have casually collected during a short sojourn in one of the smallest communities in England, that I am justified in saying that the knowledge of and belief in Spiritualism is widely spread, and to a far greater extent than is generally supposed by those who do not put themselves in the way of gleaning the facts by proclaiming their readiness to receive and respect them.

I frequently ask myself how it is that it should devolve on men like me, to step out of our accustomed vocations to take a lead in the propagation of this great truth, whilst men better fitted by education refuse to investigate. However, since it is so, it becomes our duty to tell those who may follow what we know.

I know, then, that what are claimed to be spiritual manifestations *are not delusions*; and this can be put beyond the possibility of rational doubt when fairly investigated. I know that matter can be acted upon by some kind of invisible agency against the ordinary recognized laws of science; and I know that thousands, who have withstood the eloquence of all pulpit oratory, have yielded the scepticism of a long life to what they have yearned for, and at length have recognized in these manifestations a tangible, reliable evidence of immortality.

As one of the latest instances of this, I referred in a previous Paper (No. 5, vol. v.) to the recent testimony of Dr. Elliotson. I am glad to perceive that Mr. S. C. Hall has issued a new edition of his valuable letter on the "Use of Spiritualism." (Reprinted in the July number of the *Spiritual Magazine*.) In this new edition he has inserted the following paragraph in relation to—

DR. ELLIOTSON.

After remarking, "But that I should make this letter far too long, I could quote abundant instances of conversion to belief from unbelief—of some to perfect faith from total infidelity;" he

adds:—"I am, however, permitted to give one name—it is that of Dr. Elliotson (a name well known throughout Europe) who, in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Knatchbull (an earnest advocate of Spiritualism) thus writes:—'You ask me if I believe in Spiritualism? I believe all that you, as a Christian minister, believe,—and perhaps more.' The now abjured opinions of Dr. Elliotson, as recorded in his writings, do not demand comment; he expresses his deep gratitude to Almighty God for the blessed change that has been wrought in his heart and mind by Spiritualism."

It has been well said that "The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," and all that I contend for is that such results, as Spiritualism shews, are calculated to arrest attention, and sooner or later to compel enquiry; in the mean time a heavy responsibility rests upon the teachers, whether of science or of religion, who shall longer refuse to investigate, seriously and honestly, and satisfy the masses, who look up to them for instruction and guidance, whether the marvellous manifestations which I and so many others have witnessed, are delusions or realities, and whether if realities they are indeed all of that Satanic origin which so many of the religious world are accustomed to proclaim them.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

The scientific world, I am glad to say, will shortly have an opportunity of publicly investigating their branch of the subject in a way which has not hitherto presented itself in this country. All that I have ever seen of spiritual manifestations has been through mediumship which did not permit of a large number of persons being congregated to witness them at one time; and some of the most startling phenomena, such as the appearance of hands, the playing on musical instruments, and the floating of the medium as described by myself and others, have generally taken place in a dark room, this being claimed as a necessary condition for obtaining that class of manifestations; and although every sense but that of sight was satisfied, and no doubt remained of their reality in the minds of those who were present, yet it has been objected to by sceptics that a dark room rendered the whole result very unsatisfactory. It was useless to argue that *conditions* are all-important in every operation; that the chemist requires to conduct some of his most delicate experiments in a dark room; that the photographer requires a dark room to produce specimens of his most sensitive art, &c. All such arguments were unavailing. The darkness, they had no doubt, was to conceal some secret or mechanical arrangement; and the objectors rode off, and saved themselves

from the necessity of further thought upon so perplexing a problem as was involved in the fact of how all the other senses of those present had been cheated.

The opportunity to which I have alluded will be presented in a few days by the public appearance of the Davenport Brothers, and their companion Mr. Fay, who are now in London.

The history of these young men is no doubt well known to the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine*. A full and very interesting account of a *séance* at Washington is recorded in the number of last month.

The manifestations which are made through their mediumship are of a distinctive and very extraordinary character, and are it appears, in no degree influenced or impaired by the presence of great numbers. The largest hall in New York was constantly filled to overflowing during their prolonged stay in that city. Every test was applied and failed to discover the least semblance of trickery.

These youths, it is known, allow themselves to be tied hands and feet with stout ropes, by a committee selected by the audience, and they are immediately liberated by the spirits.

Musical instruments are played upon in their presence without the possible agency of any human being. Hands and arms are seen by the audience, which do not belong to any mortal, and the crowning marvel is, that whilst Mr. Fay is bound, with his arms tied behind his back, and, when thought necessary, the knots of the rope scaled, *his coat is taken off his back by the invisible in an instant, and in another instant it is replaced.*

How the spirits accomplish this last feat passes my comprehension; but there is no reason to doubt that this phenomenon can be witnessed, and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that many of my own friends, who, whilst professing implicit faith in my statements of analogous phenomena which I have witnessed, are yet sceptical as to their spiritual origin, will be placed in the same difficulty, and will have either to ignore the evidence of their own senses, or admit the reality of something even more wonderful than any of the phenomena for which I have vouched.

It is true that these manifestations are made in a darkened room or small cabinet, placed, however, in full view of the whole audience, who *are not* in the dark; one of the committee, if he pleases, can remain in the cabinet with them, and all the surrounding circumstances, I am assured, are such as to preclude the possibility of deception. These young men are accompanied by the Rev. J. B. Ferguson, a gentleman of great intelligence. His part will be to introduce these young men to the audience; and as he has explained to me, it is not his intention to claim that the effects are produced by spirit power. He will leave the ex-

planation to others who may possibly be more enlightened than himself. He says they will give a private *séance* to a select few before exhibiting publicly. My advice on this head is, that they should invite Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir David Brewster, Professor Faraday, and Mr. Charles Dickens, with a few members of the press in the first instance, with this express condition, that they will undertake to state in writing the result of their investigation, and that he, Mr. Ferguson, shall be at liberty to give it publicity.

A SEANCE WITH THE DAVENPORTS.

Since the foregoing notice of the Davenport Brothers was written, I have witnessed the manifestations, and I now add my testimony to their undoubted genuineness. A *séance* was arranged by me, at the request of several friends, and was held in the small drawing-room of the Hanover Square Concert Rooms, in the presence of about twenty City gentlemen.

After a full examination was made of the cabinet—a light wooden structure, about six feet wide, and two or three feet deep, supported upon trestles—two of the company, Mr. W—— and Mr. J——, were chosen to tie the brothers, and all who were present satisfied themselves that this was done in the most complete and satisfactory manner. Their hands were bound behind their backs, and the cords were passed through holes in the seat, and coiled round their ancles, which fastened their legs and feet firmly to the floor.

Several musical instruments, with two large bells, and a heavy brass trumpet were placed in the unoccupied space between the youths, who sat opposite to each other, and the three doors of the cabinet were then closed by Mr. W——, but before he could shut the centre door, the heavy trumpet was thrown forcibly into the middle of the room.

The doors being securely shut and complete isolation and darkness obtained within the cabinet, the bolt of the centre door being shot, as we could plainly hear, by some power inside—a great commotion appeared to be going on; the instruments, five in number, were being tuned, as if the performers in an orchestra were preparing, and forthwith a merry Scotch air was played in perfect tune and harmony, and this was succeeded by a variety of popular airs, equally well played. As soon as the music ceased, in an instant of time, the doors were thrown open from within, and the young men were found quietly seated and fast bound as they had been left. The doors being again closed by Mr. W——, a hand was seen by all present to strike him a smart blow on the back, which he acknowledged was sufficiently palpable. After

this, through a square aperture, covered with a curtain to exclude the light from without, hands of various sizes were protruded,—three at one time—and several of the audience were permitted to feel them. They were visible to all of us, and had the appearance of naturally formed human hands, the fingers playing about in the most active and vigorous manner. Added to this, an entire and perfectly formed hand and arm up to the shoulder was once thrust through the aperture. The doors being again closed, we could hear the invisibles busily engaged in untying the youths, and, in about three minutes, they both walked out of the cabinet, the ropes being neatly coiled up, and lying on the floor.

The two young men then took their seats again within the cabinet, the doors were closed as before, and on their being thrown open in, a few minutes, the youths were found bound hand and foot, even in a more intricate and secure manner than at first, as admitted by the two gentlemen who tied them. Whilst so bound, one of the company was invited to step into the cabinet, and Mr. B——, a well-known member of the Stock Exchange, took his seat between the Davenports, and was shut up with them. In a very short time the doors were pushed open from within, and Mr. B—— was seen passively bearing the burden of all the musical instruments, which had been fantastically arranged about his person, the violins and bows across and the two bells upon his knees, the guitar between his legs, and the tambourine, like a turban, on his head, whilst the two young men still remained fast bound, with their hands, as previously stated, tied behind their backs. Mr. B—— informed us that he distinctly felt the spirit-hands busily employed about him, and in compliance with a mental request, he was gently patted by a hand upon his forehead.

At the close of the *séance*, the audience formally and unanimously admitted that the manifestations were most extraordinary, and that however effected, they were, in their opinion, free from all suspicion of trickery.

QUEEN VICTORIA A SPIRITUALIST.

With all respect for Her Majesty and sympathy for her bereavement, one wonders if—as is alleged she is really a Spiritualist, she has not found consolation in the solacing influences which surround her in this belief.

In addition to the following statement which has recently appeared in the public papers, I have been assured by a friend of mine, who had it from a person attached to the Court, that it is generally understood there that Her Majesty holds constant communion with the spirit of Prince Albert. A statement to the

same effect has been widely circulated by the Continental and American press.

There has reached us (*Northern Whig*) from abroad a most interesting extract from a letter which was written by a member of the Queen's Household shortly after the death of Prince Albert. The extremely confidential position which the writer held at the time not only gives the assurance of perfect reliability, but invests the following lines with a very special interest.

From this extract we give the following passages:—

The last Sunday he (Prince Albert) passed on earth was a very blessed one for the Princess Alice to look back upon. He was very ill and very weak, and she spent the afternoon alone with him, whilst the others were in church. He begged to have his sofa drawn to the window, that he might see the sky and the clouds sailing past. He then asked her to play to him, and she went through several of his favourite hymns and chorals. After she had played some time, she looked round and saw him lying back, his hands folded as if in prayer, and his eyes shut. He lay so long without moving that she thought he had fallen asleep. Presently he looked up and smiled. She said, "Were you asleep, dear papa?" "Oh, no," he answered, "only I have had such sweet thoughts."

I have had several interviews with the poor Queen since. The first time she said, "You can feel for me, for you have gone through this trial." Another time she said how strange it seemed, when she looked back, to see how much for the last six months the Prince's mind had dwelt upon death and the future state; their conversation had so often turned upon these subjects, and they had read together a book called "Heaven our Home," which had interested him very much. He once said to her, "We do not know in what state we shall meet again; but that we shall recognise each other and be together in eternity I am perfectly certain." It seemed as if it had been intended to prepare her mind and comfort her—though, of course, it did not strike her then. She said she was a wonder to herself, and she was sure it was in answer to the prayers of her people that she was so sustained. She feared it would not last, and that times of agony were before her. She said, "There is not the bitterness in this trial that I felt when I lost my mother—I was so rebellious then; but now I can see the mercy and love that are mixed in my trial." Her whole thought now is to walk worthy of him, and *her greatest comfort to think that his spirit is always near her, and knows all that she is doing.*

MUSICAL AND OTHER MANIFESTATIONS IN BOSTON, U.S.A.

DURING a residence in Boston, in February and March last, I had the opportunity of witnessing the very wonderful phenomena exhibited under the mediumship of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, and, seeing no mention of this lady in the *Spiritual Magazine*, you will, perhaps, allow me to put before your readers some of the facts which came under my own observation at six evening *séances* which I attended last month at her residence.

Mrs. Chamberlain is well known to New England Spiritualists, and throughout the States, as a most estimable lady, of the highest character, and one who, from her childhood, has struggled against the accession of the influences which exercise such extraordinary control over her, and to which she is entirely passive.

A gentle, intelligent, unassuming lady, probably but little more than 20 years of age, with fair complexion, regular features, and cheerful expression of face, there is no indication of any peculiar organization, special capacity, or idiosyncrasy. I observed her for some time previous to each sitting in familiar intercourse with her visitors, and I feel convinced that the most ordinary as well as the most experienced judge of character, would unhesitatingly declare that intentional deception was quite foreign to her nature—was, indeed, with *her* an impossibility. The slightest hint of it sadly disconcerted her—as it never does a trained impostor—and she gives to the sceptical every facility for detection and scrutiny.

I speak thus of her personal appearance only to assist the distant reader in forming a more perfect picture of the proceedings I describe.

At the house of Mr. T. Lane, a highly respectable tradesman in South Malden, a short ride from Boston, Mrs. C. held meetings every evening during February and March last, giving, by advertisement, especial invitation to those unacquainted with spiritual phenomena to be in attendance half an hour or so before the commencement of the sittings, that every part of the rooms, furniture, musical instruments, &c., might be minutely examined, and such marks or seals placed upon suspected facilities for imposture as might effectually guard against all possibility of deception. I availed myself of this offer, and on the first occasion, as well as on each of my five subsequent visits, I was engaged for half an hour or more either in unreserved chat with the medium and her visitors, or in a close and careful examination of every inch of the room in which the circles were held, the door of which was kept open, and the freest ingress allowed to all from the parlour opposite, in which we were assembled.

On four evenings there were from eighteen to twenty-five ladies and gentlemen present, the larger number so completely filling the circle room, that the chairs had to be placed together and close against the wall on both sides and at one end, so that we sat from three to four feet away from the table—a heavy black walnut, without cover, extending two-thirds the length of the room. With the exception of the medium, and two, or sometimes four friends, in contact with her,—whose hands were flat on the table, at the end farthest from the door,—none of us touched it, and our feet had full play, rendering it impossible for any one to pass between us and the table without detection. The only door to the room besides a closet door (on which we were allowed to put a seal, after inspection) was very securely fastened, locked and held by any of the company who chose, their chairs being pressed against it. A small table, covered with



musical instruments, consisting of an accordion, six or eight hand bells—some without tongues—a musical box, children's trumpets, bars of iron and other articles, stood close against the end wall, at the back of the medium, touching her chair, and leaving no room for any one to pass behind her. By the wall, and leaning against this table, were two guitars, a banjo, a violin and violoncello, a tambourine, a tenor drum and other instruments, and, suspended above, was a large bass drum, with a triangle attached, so that it could freely play.

The medium having placed us, as far as possible alternately male and female, and being directed to join hands, with an injunction on no account to break the circle once formed, the light was extinguished, and, in a few minutes, there was considerable noise and movement amongst the instruments, and they were touched, as if being tuned. On one occasion, a string snapped in the process. It would be impossible for any words of mine to describe the music which followed, and which, for upwards of an hour was almost continuous, and of every variety, from the sweet and plaintive chords of the violin and violoncello—the delicate Æolian-like whisperings of the guitar—to the combined *fortissimo*, at times almost overwhelming, of, apparently, every instrument in the room. Familiar airs, such as "Sweet Home," and "Auld Lang Syne," were executed with most touching expression, and in perfect time and tune. Hand bells, trumpets, tambourine, rumblings of the small drum, and, in appropriate place and time, thunderings on the big drum, were clearly distinguishable and separable by the ear; never together in one place, but playing in all parts of the room, above and beneath the table, in obvious contact with the ceiling, across our knees, resting one while upon our heads or in ladies' laps, and the room sometimes trembling with the volume of sound. The small musical box was wound up and the key thrown upon the table, and it would commence playing in the air and move in circles above our heads, the next moment beneath the table, and often resting upon our feet. Sometimes the guitar and banjo passed with such rapidity about the room, and close to our faces, that a strong current of air was perceptible to all. I repeatedly made a mental request that one of the instruments might rest on my head; a guitar came, in each instance, and played for some seconds, and then descended to the lap of the lady on my right, the end of the instrument resting, in sensible vibration, on my arm. While this was going on, a small tin trumpet was placed to the mouth of each of us, and was removed only upon each blowing a blast or a squeak. This was done with great rapidity and with unerring precision, although in total darkness. At another time a tumbler of water was held to the lips of every person present, and during the

evening we were repeatedly sprinkled as with a smart shower. Any human being moving in front must have been detected at once, and there was no possibility of getting at us from behind. At intervals, the lamp was suddenly relighted, for the purpose of shewing us the position of the instruments and of the medium; indeed, it was relighted at any time, at the request of the company, the manifestations ceasing for the moment, to be instantly renewed in the darkness. Occasionally, and when an instrument struck the table forcibly, faint lights were visible. The reality and objectiveness of this were proved by the fact that several of the company who could not see each other, and sitting far apart, exclaimed at the same moment, "Did you see that light?" With this exception, when I was present, the eye took no cognizance of the phenomena. It is stated that forms are frequently visible. The faint flashes I saw were similar to those of the electric light in an exhausted receiver, or in highly rarefied air—perhaps more correctly described as phosphorescent. I was, with many others, gently stroked on the face and forehead by several hands, or playfully poked in the cheek by a single finger, or by one of the small articles from the table.

Without making any reference to the admiration and astonishment expressed by those of the company who were *musical*, I should like to say here, that with an intense love of music, and having lived nearly thirty years in London, I am, myself, pretty well acquainted with oratorio and opera, and have listened to almost every singer of note, English or Foreign, who has appeared in London since 1834. I have many times been bewitched and bewildered by the exquisite tones of Jenny Lind in her earliest performances, but never in my life did I experience the real musical exaltation, the indescribably elevating effect produced by these simple instruments, playing singly or combined, the commonest and most familiar airs. If they were played by human hands there must have been a dozen, at least, and the deception is the greatest miracle. I know that much may be said about the heightened perception incident to the position, the darkened room, the joined hands, and the imagination running riot, but I can assert most truthfully, that, after the first evening, when I confess I entered the circle with some excusable *trepidation*, I never was calmer or more self-possessed in my life, and it was generally the case, that every lady and gentleman present regretted, in loud expressions, that the sitting must soon come to an end. The anticipation of a renewal afforded me the highest pleasure.

The music which prevailed at each sitting was brisk and lively, sometimes quite boisterous, but on one occasion, a lady, a member of a Baptist Church, proposed that we should sing the

hymn tune known as *Coronation*, the refrain of which is, "And crown Him Lord of all." Several of us sung, and never can I forget the wonderful accompaniment. All the instruments seemed to sound in concert and in exact time to our singing, but the bass-viol was very loud, and altogether more prominent and vehement in its scrapings than in the secular tunes. I could think only of some departed performer in a village church choir having descended to join in his favourite chorus. The repetition of "Crown Him," was exceedingly impressive, and such as I have often experienced at the performance of the *Hallelujah Chorus* in Exeter Hall.

I could fill your number with details of the marvellous occurrences, in addition to the music, at these sittings, our impressions of which we usually compared and discussed with each other for an hour or so before returning home. I will only mention one other incident, more especially interesting to myself, and which I had previously determined should be a test of the acting *intelligence*. Dr. John Campbell, of London, said some time ago, "We attach no importance to mere natural movements . . . pieces of furniture being moved or suspended; we set no value on anything apart from *intelligence*. If a harp, a piano, an accordeon, or any instrument shall send forth sweet music apart from human hands, we at once acknowledge the presence of *intelligent power*. The tying of knots on handkerchiefs, and the removal of objects from one place to another, and such like things, in their measure demand the same recognition." On this, my third visit, before entering the room I placed a linen handkerchief in the inner breast pocket of my coat, buttoning the coat over it, and mentioning the act and intention to no one. When the instruments were in full play, and when I fancied there was the greatest amount of magnetic force in the circle, I *mentally* requested that the handkerchief might be removed, and a knot tied in it. Instantly I felt a hand tugging at the buttons, and the next moment a lady on the other side of the room exclaimed, "Here's a handkerchief brought me with a knot in it." This was scarcely spoken before another lady in a further position from me called out "the handkerchief is with me;" and after being passed about in the dark, it was at length brought back, with *two knots* tied in it. On this occasion, when only thirteen were present, I had the opportunity of sitting on the right side of the medium, and my left hand was in contact with her right during the whole of the sitting. A gentleman in similar position on her left, in addition to the hand contact, requested permission to place his foot upon her dress. This was immediately granted, and he informed us afterwards, that at no period during the evening was his foot removed. Indeed, we

had at all times the fullest means of determining, that, with the exception of the continuous vibratory motion of her hands upon ours, she sat still as a statue. Sitting near the medium, although not in contact, on a subsequent evening, I mentally requested that the same handkerchief might be taken from my inner breast pocket, my coat being buttoned, and it was done as rapidly as before, and given to a person opposite. These knots will never be untied with my consent, confident as I am that they were made by no mortal hands. A gentleman, well known in Boston, having been gently tapped on the head once or twice with the guitar, asked laughingly to have a knock which he should not forget, and immediately, a smart blow was given, which we all heard, and at which he loudly exclaimed. In no case is any one hurt in the slightest, except at his own request, while the heaviest articles in the room were continually being thrown violently at our feet, without, or with only the lightest, contact.

The last act of the invisibles was to lift the small table over the head of the medium, and place it on the larger one. Understanding that this was usually effected at the close, the persons sitting on each side of her made the greatest effort, without disjoining hands, to detect the passage of the table, but in no instance could this be done. When the light was called for, most of the instruments were seen lying in various positions on the large table, the smaller table being near the centre, with its legs uppermost.

Assuredly, Spiritualism *here* has "grown too large to be laughed at." The rapping and table-turning, apparently so full of absurdity, excites but little interest now in the presence of higher phenomena, and more spiritual demonstrations. It always appears to me that these first appeals to the senses, stand in much the same relation to advanced or advancing Spiritualism, as the elementary ceremonial of Judaism did to Christianity,—serving but to excite the attention of the multitude to the underlying revelation, and disappearing in the presence of higher light. I have satisfied myself there can be but one explanation to these manifestations of *intelligent power*, and from all I have seen, and the abounding and substantial proofs of the presence of those who, it was assumed, were in some far off happy region, I can no more doubt the power and the disposition of the departed to minister to our wants and our progress here than I can doubt that I myself live, or that the sun shines. The facts are now patent, and easy of ascertainment, and all who will take the trouble to investigate—as I have done, *outside* of public lectures and professed mediums—and in the quiet of their own rooms, may be assured, at least, of the *reality* of the phenomena, and can draw their own inferences. I would not disparage or dis-

courage the effort of sincere and honest public mediums—and there are many here—but, after all, the satisfactory proof is not with them. The public exhibition may serve to confirm much that is presented in private to the subjective and recipient faculty, wherein consists the true evidence, but conviction does not in this way come to those who absurdly believe that thousands of serious Christian men and women meet to operate by concealed machines, and take immense pains to cheat and deceive each other, and far less to those who honestly inquire and doubt. I prefer to accumulate facts—to be *sure* that I have them, and to listen attentively to the interpreter, and to the whisperings of that distant wind which shall bring to us in due time, the true *generalization*—the clear and unquestioned *law*.* C.

Correspondence.

SPIRITUAL SPHERES AND ATMOSPHERES.—REPLY TO “LIBRA-ÆQUABILIS.”

By LIBRA.

To the Editor of the “Spiritual Magazine.”

Sir,—In my papers on this subject, I have expressed my full belief in the facts of spirit-manifestations, but have spoken freely of certain dangers in seeking them. This was by no means, however, the sole or even chief object I had in view in writing the papers, as is abundantly manifest, I think, in the reading of them. I cannot, therefore, quite understand *Libra-Æquabilis*, when he charges me with being an enemy to spiritual manifestations, and my articles with being ‘an undisguised attempt to undermine them.’ And still less can I see the reason for his “energetically protesting” against my being heard. Surely, a writer assuming the name of *Libra-Æquabilis* should calmly hear both sides. He says, however, “Is it in the *Spiritual Magazine* that this attempt is to be made? Is it in these pages that we are to listen to a denial of the very principles on which his magazine is conducted?”

With regard to the first charge, if I fully believe in spirit-manifestations, it seems to me that I should be fighting against the very laws of human existence, to declare myself an enemy to them. If they are real, they can no more be suppressed than the sun. I look upon spirit-manifestations to stand in about the same relationship to the modern rappings and other modes of communicating, as the ocean does to the water in a bath. If the ocean exists, men may observe its currents, its storms, and its tides, and yet differ in opinion about the usefulness of baths. If I had supposed that the *Spiritual Magazine* was established merely to advocate and teach the obtaining of spiritual manifestations, such as

* In a subsequent letter, the writer informs us that at a private *séance* of the Havenport Sisters at Boston, in June, at which only a limited number of persons were admitted, it was suggested by a visitor that the ends of the guitars should be touched with phosphorus (and he had provided some for the occasion). This was done, and circles of phosphorus light were then distinctly seen by all present, over their heads, the instruments playing all the while as before. A lucifer match was struck, and the two girls were sitting tied to their chairs, hands and feet.

are obtained in *séances*, I should not have sent you my papers, Mr. Editor; and, I think you, sir, would have been as unwilling to conduct a periodical based on such principles, as I should have been to "attempt to undermine them."

With regard to the second charge of "denying the principles on which the magazine is conducted," I can only say that *Libra-Æquabilis* has not enlightened me as to what those principles are. I have always imagined the principles of the *Spiritual Magazine* to be simply those which are given on the wrapper of each number, immediately under the title, in its clear and well-worded motto. I humbly submit that I have not violated an iota of the principles there stated.

Libra-Æquabilis says I have stated that "the causes of the unhealthiness of Rome and similar places are not at all material, but all spiritual." Not a word of mine is quoted to support his statement of my view; and I believe I have said nothing which can reasonably bear this construction. He then says that I represent sinks, cesspools, and want of proper sewers, "as not unhealthy as mere physical nuisances, but because they contained a spiritual aura." I can only say again, that I have never made any statement which can be so understood by a candid reader. The whole of this is a great exaggeration and misrepresentation of what I have said.

I said that the well-known malaria of Rome was not satisfactorily accounted for by any known want of drainage, or other defective sanitary arrangements. In support of this view, I gave what appeared to me to be sound reasons, which *Libra-Æquabilis* has not noticed; and, especially, I mentioned the remarkable fact, that the malaria is least felt in the Jews' quarter, which lies very low, on the bank of the Tiber, is crammed with human beings to an almost unparalleled degree, who live in the midst of mouldering ruins, many centuries old, in a condition of filth, stench, and vermin, almost incredible. At the same time the malaria is most deadly in the open country, which is covered with rich pasturage, and feeds vast numbers of horses and cattle. Let your readers accept or reject my notion, that the earth itself may be the vehicle of spiritual as well as natural infections. I am content to have stated it, but I object to have it caricatured. I think that every place and every person has a peculiar atmosphere, spiritual as well as natural, and that we may, from our materializing habits of mind, refer to the latter, consequences which really come from the former.

We have been so long accustomed to the notion, that miraculous material evidence is to be expected to enforce and confirm Divine revelation, that I am not surprised at the last objection of *Libra-Æquabilis*. The formula which he gives us is, that "Divine miracle is Divine proof." Doubtless; but how shall we discover what is "Divine miracle?" He says that devil-miracles are not miracles of beneficence, but only miracles to amaze men. Is this distinction so very easily made by men who judge of things by a superficial standard? Were the miracles of Moses Divine miracles? Yet they were, most of them, plagues of the most terrible kind, first to the Egyptians, and then to the Israelites when they rebelled. When Jesus walked on the water, and when he bade the fig-tree to wither, it would be difficult for the Jews to see beneficence in these acts, yet they were amazing to those who witnessed them. When the divining girl followed Paul through the streets, testifying to his Divine mission, a modern consulter of spirits might have thought she was helping the Apostle to make known the Gospel; but Paul, instead of allowing her to endorse his teachings, turned and expelled a demon from her. Nevertheless, there is a truth in the view that devil-miracles are miracles of astonishment, and not of beneficence. And it is partly on this very ground that I object to many of the manifestations of *séances*. There is no power in them, but to astonish. And if a man be not brought nearer to God in heart, when he becomes a believer, it would be better for him to remain a sceptic.

Libra-Æquabilis does not carry to its ultimatum his principle that Divine miracles are miracles of beneficence. In every such miracle there must needs be two elements: -1st. Power over Nature; and 2nd. Love which reaches above any earthly aims. Now, as *Libra-Æquabilis* admits that Power is of itself no proof of Divinity, and that love is the element which is peculiar to Divine miracles, it follows, that it is the love and not the power, which is demonstrative of the Divine. And I hold that it was the love and not the power which

manifested, to which He appealed when He said "Believe me for the works' sake." When miracles were demanded, which should prove Him to be the Christ, He invariably refused them, and rebuked those who demanded them. When He was appealed to by John the Baptist's disciples, to know if He were the Christ, He certainly enumerated, as characteristic works, many miracles which they had seen Him perform. But observe the works which he names, and their order of enumeration:—"The blind receive sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them," Matt. xi. 5. One who looked for miracles only would suppose the list would end with "the dead are raised." But Jesus brings it to a climax with one more fact:—"The poor have the Gospel preached to them." This is no miracle—that is, it has not the element of power—but it has the pure love-element standing alone, and, therefore, it stands highest in his estimation, and crowns the series.

Christ tells us, that "false Christs and false prophets shall come, and shew great signs and wonders," Matt. xxiv., 24. Miracles will be *their* proofs, but they were not *his*, for He concealed them. He appeals to our hearts. In all outward manifestations we may be deceived; but "the pure in heart shall see God." They alone can recognize the Divine, under whatever covering. Miraculous powers will ever remain with the true Church, I fully believe; but these powers never can be used to make converts to Christ. I should take the very passage, Mark xvi. 17—20, quoted by *Libra-Æquabilis*, to shew this. It is not written "these signs shall go before them that believe," but, "these signs shall follow." After belief comes the signs: so, also, Christ required faith before He healed; and once "could do no miracles because of their unbelief." And in the passage just referred to, the words italicized by *Libra-Æquabilis* are clear in this sense: "*The Lord confirming the Word with signs following.*"

I am said to be "forgetful of logic" in saying that it is "mercifully permitted to our weakness to have such evidence,"—*viz.*: physical proofs. I think not. If I were to say that in worship it is not needful to offer up animal sacrifices, the statement would pass with us as a truism. Yet it is not the less true, that it was mercifully permitted to the Jews to offer lambs and bullocks, and by such sacrifices to prepare for a purer and better faith. Nothing would convince unbelieving Thomas but actual touch, and Christ therefore invited him to put his hand into his side, and his finger into the nail-prints. Yet he pronounced no blessing on this kind of belief; but said distinctly "they are blessed, who, not having seen, yet believe." It is not a blessed state which needs outward proofs to satisfy it; but in mercy, these are sometimes allowed, notwithstanding.

I think *Libra-Æquabilis* should have replied respecting some of the many instances I gave in support of my view. He has overlooked the strong and remarkable facts from Christ's life, which I have adduced previously. On his principles they seem to me to be inexplicable. I thank him for his kind expressions of appreciation; but I think that, if we really want truth, we must give due weight to all facts, and try to be perfectly candid and fair.

Yours, very truly,

LIBRA.

THE USES OF SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—About 14 years ago I first met a gentleman, as manly in mind as he was noticable for his physical frame and muscular power. This characteristic endeared him to me (and I am now happy indeed to say that the attachment was from the first mutual), that we early confided to one another those half-formed ideas which none but a trusty friend can share, and those intimate matters of feeling or peculiar circumstances which demand for their utterance the steadfastness of brotherly love. In 1858 we were at the house of a common friend to take our part in the Christmas gaieties, and enjoy its festivities. A few months previously, perhaps a twelvemonth at the most, I had told him what I had experienced in the domain of Spiritualism; I

had met with no doubt nor reticence, but with a full declaration that anything was credible enough for investigation on honest testimony, and that if these things were so the issues were undoubtedly important. Well, in 1858, as he was expressing to me one of those numerous doubts concerning revelation which are now so common, I replied, "It will soon be all clear to you," feeling no doubt that the same process through which I was passing was ordered for him. Within the next two years he simultaneously devoted his attention to religion and to Spiritualism, and became in the higher senses of the word, a Christian. He had in that time evidently learned not only submission to the will of God, but also an appreciation of its individual love and tenderness where the Divine dispensations seemed hard or obscure. With this there grew a perception of the Divine humanity of the Lord, and that the Bible by its humanly divine style of thought and word was in itself a source of life from God. About this time he recalled to my memory, what I had else forgotten, my words to him in Exeter in the winter of 1858. As soon as he named the fact I recollected the spot on which it happened and his attitude at the moment, I spoke the words. A day or two before last Christmas-day he was subjected from cancerous disease to a severe operation, and while he was lying in his bed I sent him a few lines in verse in which the brotherhood of the Lord to man and our mutual brotherhood in Him was brought home to us, each individually. I need hardly add that these were improvised in the faith that our common brother had a message to him through me. He underwent a second operation late in February of this year, and I visited him shortly after, as he was thought to be sinking under the effects of it. He recovered, but for a short time; and now comes the cause of my communication to the Magazine, as the story I am telling seems to me a fitting pendant to Mr. S. C. Hall's letter in your July number. About the middle of June his strength seemed failing amid much pain and the wrecking of the hopes both of his medical and family friends. A clergyman well known among the Evangelical churchmen and his curate visited him. In the last interview I had with him he told me of a conversation with the former, in which the reverend gentleman said that he supposed he had given up Spiritualism now. His reply, said he, looking at me with the old bright clear smile, was "Not at all: to Spiritualism I owe all I have learned of God's revealed truth, and every number of the *Spiritual Magazine* has been to me a round of the ladder by which I have climbed up so far." He has died in peace, and the curate of the same gentleman has repeatedly said, that in the few last weeks of his life the visits he paid him were not official, but friendly, for that he was eager to come, both for the enjoyment and instruction he thus obtained. To such statements the world and the men in whom there is the truth of God may alike say, "You are mad;" but what can I do but reply with Rhoda, "It is even so;" the fact is as I state. Need I add a word more to confirm the uses of Spiritualism.

A FRIEND AND CORRESPONDENT.

Weston-super-Mare.

CAN WE BE INFLUENCED BY DISTANT PERSONS AND AGENTS?—At one of the sittings of the Spiritual Conference, in New York, Mrs. Spence, a well-known American lady, related the following experiences:—"When a mere child, I lay one night in my grandmother's bed with my sister, when I saw my grandmother enter the room. Her presence caused no surprise, as I supposed she had returned home, and wished us to get out of her bed, that she might occupy it herself. My sister awoke and also saw her, but was much frightened. I had not myself been asleep, and knew very well I was not at the time. Now, when this occurred, my grandmother was four miles away. On another occasion, I saw ~~correctly~~ a shipwreck and its consequences, transpiring in the waters of South America. I have stated the facts—how the impressions were made is a matter that ~~seriously~~ commends itself to scientific minds."